★Sept. 6, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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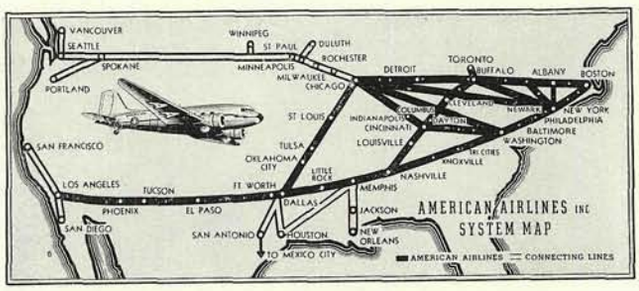

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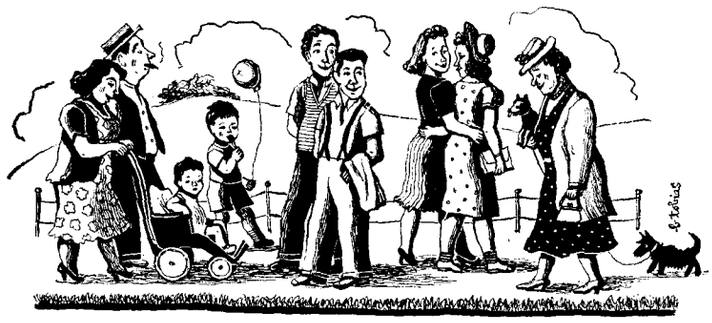
GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Moves to the Royale, 45, W., CI 5-5760, on Tues., Sept. 9.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Percy Waram and Margalo Gillmore head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Anna Sten, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Eves. at 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat. Closes Sat., Sept. 6.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an exceptional cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Village Green—Frank Craven in a comedy by Carl Allensworth, staged by Felix Jacoves and produced by Dorothy and Julian Olney and Mr. Jacoves. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:50. Mats. 2:45, Thurs., except Sept. 4, and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, which has been carrying on for longer than anyone can remember. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly and Vivienne Segal are prominent in the dirty work. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Two Story House—A comedy by Parker Fennelly, staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Tues., Sept. 9. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—A play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, with Edmund Gwenn, Carol Goodner, and Heather Angel, produced by Edgar Selwyn. Opens Wed., Sept. 10. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 10, and Sat.)

The More the Merrier—A farce by Frank Gabrielson and Irvin Pincus, with Teddy Hart and Millard Mitchell, produced by Otto L. Preminger and Norman Pincus. Opens Thurs., Sept. 11. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Sept. 4-6; "Ruddigore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Sept. 11-13; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

Bridgehampton—"The Importance of Being Earnest": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

Cambridge—"Mr. and Mrs. North," with Nancy Carroll: through Sat., Sept. 6. "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with Adrienne Ames: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—"Her Husband's Wife": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Cedarhurst—"Two for the Money," with Willie Howard: through Sat., Sept. 6. "Accent on Youth," with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler: Tues. through Sun., Sept. 9-14. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Dennis—"Her Cardboard Lover," with Tallulah Bankhead: through Sat., Sept. 6. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri.)

Fitchburg—"Queen High": through Sat., Sept. 6. "Whispering Friends": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Great Neck—"Blind Alley": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. At 9.)

Litchfield—"Private Lives": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Apple Orchard Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. 8:45.)

Maplewood—"Anna Christie," with Ingrid Bergman: through Sat., Sept. 6. "Autumn Crocus," with Francis Lederer: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Millburn—"The Chocolate Soldier": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

New Hope—"Old Acquaintance," with Violet Heming: through Sat., Sept. 6. "The Play's the Thing," with Walter Slezak and Haila Stoddard: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Milford—"Rope": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. 8:45.)

Ogunquit—"Kiss the Boys Goodbye," with Anita Louise: through Sat., Sept. 6. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Roslyn—"The Male Animal": through Sat., Sept. 6, and Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. At 9.)

Rye Beach—"Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Skowhegan—"Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., Sept. 6. "Paris Bound": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Stockbridge—"Ladies in Retirement," with Florence Reed: through Sat., Sept. 6. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45.)

Stony Creek—"The Good Neighbor": through Sat., Sept. 6. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Suffern—"Rufus and His Wife," a new play by Philip and Julius Epstein, with Edith Atwater: through Sat., Sept. 6. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:40.)

Westboro—"The Gorilla," with Buster Keaton: through Sat., Sept. 6. "Her Cardboard Lover," with Tallulah Bankhead: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Westport—"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," with Grace George: through Sat., Sept. 6. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

White Plains—"Old English," with C. Aubrey

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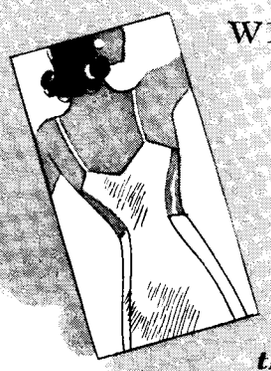

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Smith: through Sat., Sept. 6. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI *2-1000*)—A green and pleasant retreat, where Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This was opened as just a summer hideout, but now Felix Ferry is thinking of keeping it going all winter. John Kirby's orchestra will stay on.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—José Fernandez heads the show way up there in the clouds and Ozzie Caswell's orchestra plays for customers who feel like dancing. A rumba band helps out. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band provide the music on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—There's the gay Café Lounge, with Howard Lally's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)— A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and, through Wed., Sept. 10, songs by Betty Bryant.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing and supplies incidental music for the show.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings those somewhat special songs of hers and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen provide swing. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): all-swing centre of the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Kenneth Spencer, and Eddie South's orchestra. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (*CI 6-6000*): Bob Chester's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **BILTMORE ROOF,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with some Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** *181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414)*: rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Joe E. Howard, Nita Naldi, and Gilda Gray.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne and Teddy Wilson's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, this one with Joe Marsala's band and, for soothing interludes, Adele Girard and her harp. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

AL-FRESCO—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), and, through Sun., Sept. 7, **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEAREY PLACES—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

(Ft. Lee 8-2000): the new show here includes Harry Richman and Phil Baker. The music is by Pancho's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Claude Thornhill's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Charlie Murray's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK,** Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sonny Dunham's orchestra, Thurs., Sept. 4; Dolly Dawn's, Fri. through Wed., Sept. 5-10; Benny Goodman's, from Thurs., Sept. 11. Closed Mon.

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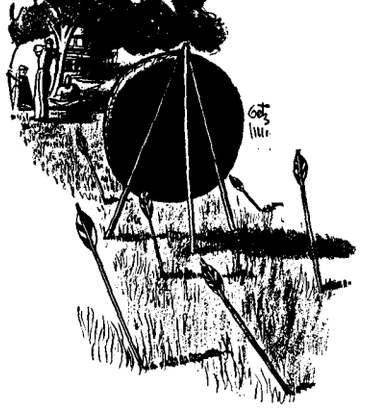
DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some agreeable objectives for summer wanderers (dancing only when indicated)—**BETHPAGE,** L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **BROOKHAVEN,** L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS,** L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **HUNTINGTON,** L.I.: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS,** L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (*Great Neck 2790*). . . . **MANHASSET,** L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842). . . . **MONTAUK,** L.I.: Gurney's Inn (Montauk Point *2345*). . . . **OAKDALE,** L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **SMITHTOWN,** L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON,** L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **STONY BROOK,** L.I.: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575). . . . **SYOSSET,** L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon.; and Villa Victor (*Syosset 1706*). . . . **WESTHAMPTON,** L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **AMAWALK,** N.Y.: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **COLD SPRING,** N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **DOVER PLAINS,** N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **GARRISON,** N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 978). . . . **HAWTHORNE,** N.Y.: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **MT. KISCO,** N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **NEW CITY,** N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **POUNDRIDGE,** N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **LIME ROCK, CONN.:** Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899). . . . **SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.:** Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.:** Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport *2-4330*), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.:** Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

AMERICANS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: works by members of this gallery's group, including Curry, Grosz, and Raphael Soyer. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 5. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: paintings by Bellows, Brook, Eilshemius, Henri, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 12. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 20.



EUROPEAN—Paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a show of works by such moderns as Werner Drewes and Chagall. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 19. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: pleasant oils by Darrel Austin and others in a selection of paintings from this gallery's shows of last season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 27. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: paintings by British and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 12.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Many French paintings—some from the Louvre which were shown at the World's Fair here, and others never before seen in New York—have been added to the collections previously on view. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Sept. 14); twenty-four Picassos and recent acquisitions of fantastic art, dada, and surrealism (through Sun., Sept. 7). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

STUART—An exhibit of eight portraits, mostly of American subjects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 5.

MUSIC

OPERA—The Salmaggi Company in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Sept. 6; "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., Sept. 7; at 8:30. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

OUT OF TOWN—The **GORDON STRING QUARTET,** Sun. Afts. at 4, and Wed. Aft., Sept. 10, at 3:30; Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. . . . **DANCE FESTIVAL,** Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, Alicia Markova, and Anton Dolin, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 5-6, at 5: Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 4, at 1:45 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 7, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tues. Aft., Sept. 9, at 3; Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 11-12, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 13, at 2:30. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 7, at 2:05 (doubleheader).

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Georgie Abrams vs. Tony Zale, middleweights, Fri., Sept. 12; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

DOG SHOWS—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sat., Sept. 6, at 10 A.M. . . . Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, Sun., Sept. 7, at 10 A.M. . . . Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, Sat., Sept. 13, at 10 A.M.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Tamarack C.C., Port Chester, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 5-7. . . . Women's National Amateur, the Country Club, Brookline, Mass., Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13. . . . Metropolitan Amateur-Pro, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 11-14.

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand, Old Westbury, Sat., Sept. 6, at 9 A.M. . . . Brockton, Mass., Mon. and Tues., Sept. 8-9, at 1 P.M. . . . New Brunswick, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 12-13, at 1:30 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Foxcatcher Hounds, Fair Hill, Md., Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 3:45 P.M.

POLO—National Open Championship: Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Wed. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 10 and 13, at 3:30. . . . High-goal play: Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 4, at 5:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., Sept. 6-7, at 3:30; Governors Island, Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 3:30 (benefit for the Army Relief Society); Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Aft., Sept. 7, at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2 P.M., through Sept. 17. (The Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 6; the Beldame Handicap and the Cowdin, Sept. 13.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn. Station between 12:15 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:40 and 1:40 P.M. on other racing days.

TENNIS—National Singles, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, daily through Sat., Sept. 6, at 12:30 P.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, Eves., except Sun., at 8:40, weather permitting; through Sat., Sept. 13. Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.

YACHTING—Women's National Championships, American Y.C., Rye, through Fri., Sept. 5. . . . New Rochelle-Cornfield Light Vessel Challenge Cup Race, Riverside Y.C., Fri., Sept. 5. . . . Club championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Man-

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GIRLS WHO WANT "That New York Look"

wear dresses with this label

NEW YORK Creation
N.Y. DRESS INSTITUTE
Made under standards of I.L.G.W.U.
© N.Y.D.I.

Martha Montgomery, popular University of Tennessee senior, chooses college wardrobe of exclusive New York Creations

Leaving the Pullman which has just brought her from home in Clarksdale, Miss., Martha is met by Chi Omega sister. "What a *honey* of a plaid jacket-dress!"

Coming out of Ayres Hall in a red-and-green plaid wool dress, one of her many everyday class dresses which Martha says are a "must" to the college girl.

"IN COLLEGE, a girl simply has to have dresses —and plenty of them—if she really wants to be popular," says Martha Montgomery. "A one-dress girl might as well have a school uniform, for all the attention she gets. Can you imagine wearing the same dress, day after day, to classes and around campus?

"If you go out for college activities, you need all kinds of dresses—for sports, traveling, dates and parties. And, they must be zippy and new—the latest from New York. All the smartest looking girls I know wear New York Creations.

"I get a regular clothes allowance and I work it out to have as many different dresses as possible that go with the same shoes, hats and accessories. After all, there's no substitute for a new dress. That's what people *really* notice."

No matter the price you wish to pay or type of dress you desire, you will find that the latest styled, correctly sized, best tailored now carry the hallmark of fashion rightness and quality—the New York Creation Label. NEW YORK DRESS INSTITUTE, 1450 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Time out between dances in the Gym. Martha, in an aqua-blue taffeta with drop-shoulder effect, joins the "gang" for a round of laughter. "There seem to be twice as many formal dances as there used to be," Martha comments. "It never seems like a party unless we all dress. The silly idea that one dress will do for any occasion is out with the girls I know."

Phi Gam House is scene of many dinner parties and fun. Martha's choice of a soft, purple crepe dress, trimmed with shiny silver banding, spotlights her excellent taste.

Out shopping, near university, Martha wears a grayed-blue crepe. "This label makes it so easy now to pick out the *latest* creations from New York."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hasset Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 6; Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION—A hundred and fifty or more pictures by some of the leading photographers of the country, assembled by the British War Relief Society and the Manhattan Camera Club: 6 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MINEOLA FAIR—Long Island's annual farm-and-village get-together, with a number of somewhat urban trimmings too: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Tues. through Sat., Sept. 9-13, 8 A.M. to 12 midnight. (Rodeo daily, except Sat. Aft., at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; old-fashioned cattle parade, Tues. through Fri., at 3 P.M.; daredevil driving, Tues. at 2 P.M.; midget-auto races, Sat. at 1 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip Around the World" is the title of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

NOTE—The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36, which has been closed during July and August, has reopened for the season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG STORE—The Marx Brothers once again, and a pleasure, though this is just one of their more offhand efforts. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Sept. 8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 5-7.)

BLACKOUT—A London melodrama of spies, passion, and gallant and most unlikely adventure, all exciting. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., Sept. 10.)

DIVE BOMBER—On the education of our young pilots, with some superb views of flying. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are involved. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Ingrid Bergman and Spencer Tracy in a revision of the old story. It has its moments but lacks the true spark of horror. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

FANTASIA—The Disney film, which is standing up better than a lot of music-lovers thought it would. The one with Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and people like that in it. Also with Mickey Mouse. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS—Mystery thriller, directed by Carol Reed of "Night Train," with many a neat and sinister touch. Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams appear. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Sept. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 6-9. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 7-9.)

KUKAN—Rey Scott's travelogue of China: the Burma Road and so on, and especially the bombing of Chungking. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Grim but on the grand scale, the movie version of Lillian Hellman's play of avarice in the Deep South is a triumph. With Bette Davis, in her cruellest mood, and also Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

LOVE CRAZY—Demented enough for anybody, and funny too, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. Just something about marriage, losing your mind, and what all. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 4. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 6-8.)

OUT OF THE FOG—Some truths about life around our Sheepshead Bay, and very strenuous. From Irwin Shaw's "The Gentle People," with Ida Lupino and John Garfield. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 5-7.)

SERGEANT YORK—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on the diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—A fine cast—Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton—in a highly colored and corny version of the Harold Bell Wright thing. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 8. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 10.)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY—Somewhat minor dramatics about smart jewel thieves in the Far East and their tricks. Arranged especially for the admirers of Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 6. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 6-8. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., Sept. 10.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY—Miss Ginger Rogers and escorts, among them George Murphy and Burgess Meredith, in a nonsensical, nice little item which has a witty turn or two. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 10-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 10-13.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

UNDERGROUND—Grim, grim indeed, and a film to hold you tight. Of Germany and its Gestapo workings. With Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Sept. 6.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Some absurd farce, with its very vivacious moments, adjusted to the talents of Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO (1940)—Murder in old Paris. Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Sept. 6.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 7-9.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 5. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 10-12.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 10-12.)

MAID OF SALEM (1937)—The Puritan witch putsch. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 6-8.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 10-12.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 11-12.)

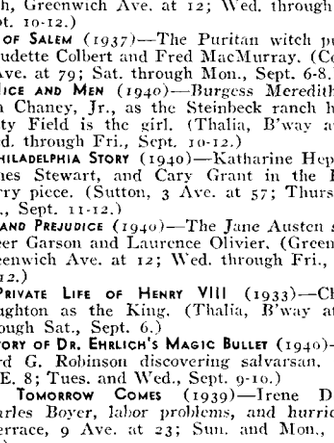
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 10-12.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Sept. 6.)

THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET (1940)—Edward G. Robinson discovering salvarsan. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 9-10.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 7-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 4-5:** "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo; and "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917); both Swedish. **SAT. AND SUN., SEPT. 6-7:** "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks. **MON. AND TUES., SEPT. 8-9:** "Greed" (1924), with Zasu Pitts and Erich von Stroheim. **WED. AND THURS., SEPT. 10-11:** "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906); "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 12-13:** "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings (German). . . . A series of reticent and brief sketches of current life in England is presented every Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.



COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

BALLET—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in a three-week season starting Oct. 9: Metropolitan Opera House.

BASEBALL—The World Series will begin Oct. 1 or 2.

BOXING—Polo Grounds: Joe Louis vs. Lou Nova, for the heavyweight title, Sept. 29.

DOG SHOWS—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sept. 27. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, Sept. 28. . . .Devon Dog Show Association, Devon, Pa., Oct. 4. . . . Montgomery County Kennel Club, Whitemarsh, Pa., Oct. 5.

FOOTBALL—On **OCT. 4:** Columbia vs. Brown, Baker Field; Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, Philadelphia. . . . **OCT. 11:** Harvard vs. Cornell, Cambridge; Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton; Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven. . . . **OCT. 18:** Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, Princeton; Yale vs. Army, New Haven. . . . **OCT. 25:** Army vs. Columbia, West Point; Harvard vs. Navy, Cambridge; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven. . . . **NOV. 1:** Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium; Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field; Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 8:** Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 15:** Columbia vs. Michigan, Baker Field; Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven. . . . **NOV. 22:** Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton. . . . **NOV. 29:** Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., Yankee Stadium.

GOLF—N.J. State Seniors', Essex Fells, Sept. 16-18. . . . Loew Cup Mixed Foursomes, Glen Head, L.I., Sept. 19-21. . . . N.J. State Open, Bloomfield, Sept. 25-27. . . . Invitation Tournaments: Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sept. 26-28; Garden City C.C., Garden City, Sept. 26-28.

HORSE SHOWS—Plainfield, N.J., Sept. 19-20. . . . North Shore, Stony Brook, Sept. 25-27. . . . Montclair, West Orange, Sept. 26-27. . . . Brookville, L.I., Sept. 28. . . . Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Oct. 2-4. . . . Inter-American, Chevy Chase, Oct. 23-26. . . . National, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 5-12.

HUNT RACES—Whitemarsh Valley, Flourtown, Pa., Sept. 20. . . . Meadow Brook, Westbury, Sept. 27. . . . Huntingdon Valley, Jenkintown, Pa., Oct. 4. . . . Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa., Oct. 8 and 11. . . . Rose Tree, Media, Pa., Oct. 15 and 18. . . . Monmouth County, Red Bank, Oct. 18. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, Oct. 22 and 25.

MUSIC—Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic-Symphony centennial season, Stokowski conducting, Oct. 9-19; Barbirolli, Oct. 23-Nov. 2; Walter, Nov. 6-16; Rodzinski, Nov. 19-Dec. 14. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, season starts Oct. 14. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, season starts Nov. 20. . . . Town Hall: New Friends of Music season starts Oct. 26. . . . Metropolitan Opera season opens Nov. 24. . . . New Opera Company begins performances Oct. 14, at the 44th Street Theatre.

POLO—Monty Waterbury Cup, Sept. 20-28, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury.

RACING—Havre de Grace, Sept. 13-27. . . .Belmont, Sept. 18-Oct. 4. . . . Laurel, Oct. 1-29. . . . Jamaica, Oct. 6-16. . . . Pimlico, Oct. 30-Nov. 13. . . . Empire City, Oct. 17-Nov. 1.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open this month and next: "Mr. Big," a mystery melodrama, with Hume Cronyn, Fay Wray, and Betty Furness, produced by George S. Kaufman; "Ah, Wilderness!," the first of the Theatre Guild's revival series, with Harry Carey; "Best Foot Forward," a musical comedy, produced by George Abbott; "Anne of England," a historical drama, with Flora Robson, staged and produced by Gilbert Miller; "Candle in the Wind," a play by Maxwell Anderson, with Helen Hayes, produced by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company; "High Kickers," a musical comedy, with Sophie Tucker and George Jessel, produced by Alfred Bloomingdale and Lee Shubert; "Clash by Night," by Clifford Odets, with, probably, Tallulah Bankhead, and produced by Billy Rose; "Crazy House," an Olsen and Johnson production, with Carmen Miranda and the two producers in the cast; "Let's Face It!," a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, produced by Vinton Freedley, with songs by Cole Porter and a cast which includes Danny Kaye and Mary Jane Walsh.

OTHER DATES—National Defence Exposition, Grand Central Palace, Sept. 20-Oct. 18. . . . Waldorf-Astoria's Tenth Anniversary Ball, benefit for the U.S.O., Oct. 1. . . . Danbury Fair, Oct. 5-12. . . . Rodeo, Madison Square Garden, Oct. 8-26. . . . Diamond Ball and Débutante Cotillion, Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 24. . . . Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due on Sept. 15; N.Y. State payments on Oct. 15. . . . Local hunting season on ducks and geese opens Oct. 16. . . . Election Day is Tues., Nov. 4.

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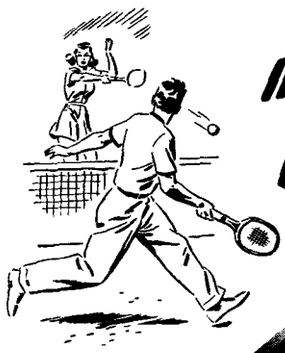
Set and Match? — Say:



"MAKE MINE RUPPERT"

IT'S MELLOW LIGHT!

SIZZLING ACTION. Keen competition. Yes, tennis can sure whip up a deep-down thirst in a fellow's throat (and a girl's, too). And whether you win or lose your match, there's no more satisfying way to cool off than with refreshing *mellow light* Ruppert Beer.

And that goes for all sports—in fact, whenever you're tired, tense or thirsty, be sure to say "Make Mine Ruppert." You couldn't ask for better beer.

The Secret of Ruppert Flavor

CHOICEST INGREDIENTS
give Ruppert Beer its wholesome goodness

EXPERT BREWING
gives Ruppert Beer its refreshing lightness

THOROUGH AGING
gives Ruppert Beer its satisfying mellowness

RUPPERT

YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER BEER OR ALE

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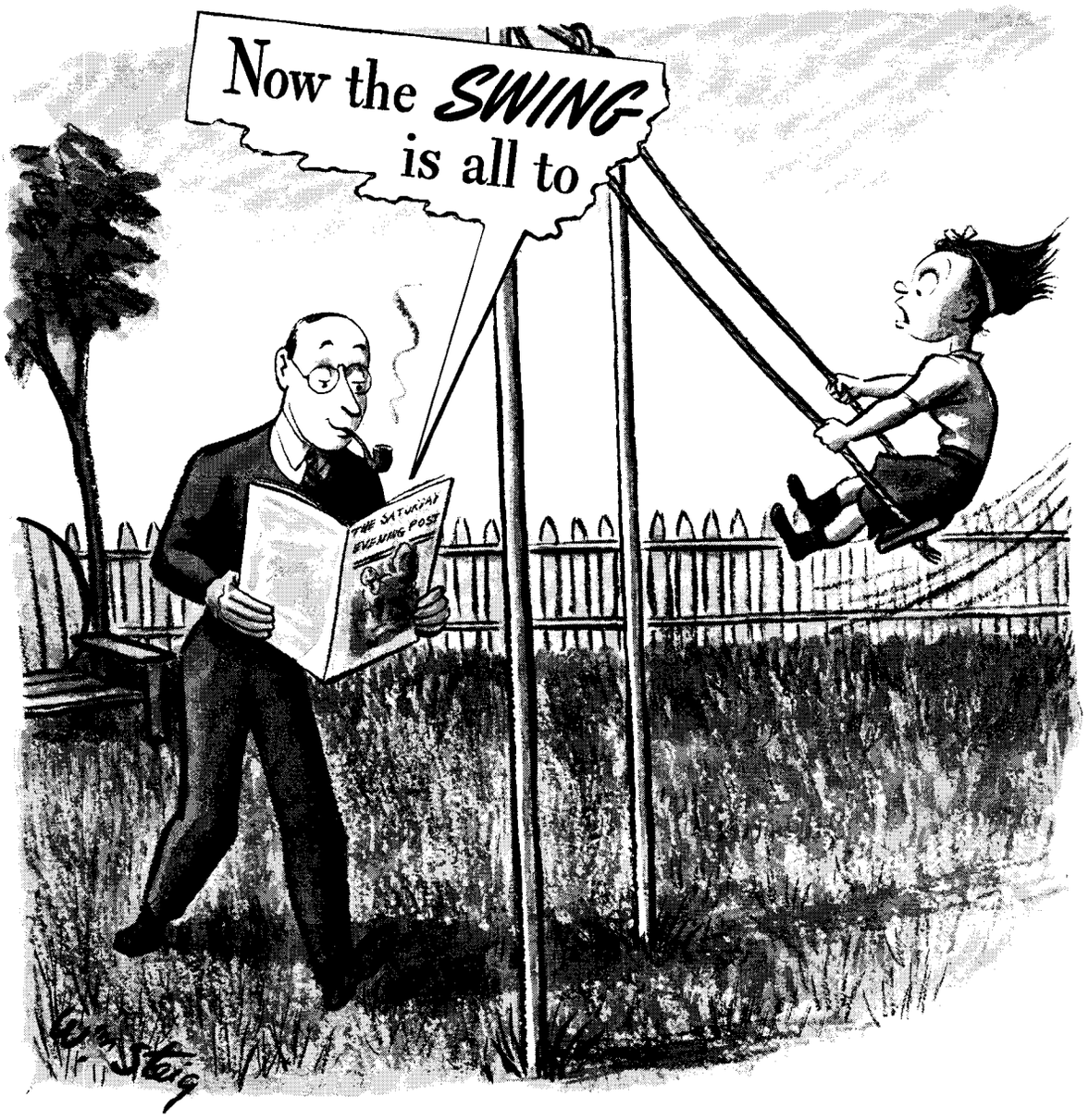

Mr. B. Hutsut Shothauer (above) is discovering a fact that impartial surveys show time and again. People pay extra-close attention to advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post. (A fact worth remembering next time you're talking with an ad man.)

People pay attention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST when you put it in the Post

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THE NEW YORKER

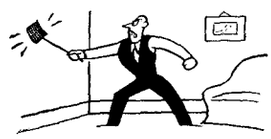
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WAVE of reform swept the town last week, carrying about a dozen of our friends high up on the rock of total abstinence. We have been watching their grim experiment with an open mind, and our conclusion is that the whole thing is a mistake. The rewards appear to be negligible: one convert now finds himself able to get up clear-eyed at eight o'clock in the morning, though what he does with himself at this cold and ghostly hour remains mysterious; another reports his nerves and disposition greatly improved, but unfortunately this is vastly more than can be said for his conversation; another, a literary character, says that he can turn out twice as many words as he did before, and even this may be a dubious victory—he was far too fluent in the first place. We have no particular objection to our friends' crucifying the flesh if they happen to feel like it; we just wish they'd do it somewhere else, preferably at home. The sight, at two o'clock in the morning, of so many cold, censorious, and rational milk-drinkers, all possessed of total recall, staring at us across a table is almost more than we can bear. We can see the contempt in their level eyes;

we are aware of their tolerant effort to come down to the level of a mind obviously in partial eclipse; we know that they are storing up examples of peculiar behavior to discuss humorously over tomorrow's Coca-Cola. If we ever run a saloon, which is by no means unlikely, we're going to keep out all the bluenoses. They are in restraint of trade.

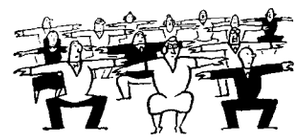
DR. RAYMOND L. DITMARS, the reptile-and-insect man, recently set out for Trinidad remarking that when vampire bats attack a sleeping person they leave an incision so deep it often remains open for hours. He was on his way to round up a covey of these bats to install in the Bronx, and he went on to say that they are quite harmless, except that they bite. This struck us at the time as a foolishly tolerant and pointless characterization, a thing you could say just as well of a cobra, a lion, or a mosquito. In fact, we reflected irritably, no animals we'd ever come across *had* had more than one means of assault at their disposal, and we began ticking off a list of them to prove it. The thing went along perfectly until we got to man, and right there we decided to yield the point to Dr. Ditmars. Man's resources in violence, when you come to count them up, are dazzling and almost limitless, running all the



way from swatting flies to setting off a variety of explosions, any of which can produce an incision so deep it remains open for days. A curator of snakes and bugs may be able to make a simple statement about his charges, but we defy an anthropologist to begin a sentence with "Men are harmless except that" and finish it off tidily in two more words.

THIS, we know, is the greatest "pro" and "anti" year in a generation, but we know too that if both prefixes were taken out in the back yard and buried, everybody would be a lot happier. How bad things had got we realized fully only this afternoon, when we came across "prototalitarian," "antisabotage," and "proaxis," one right after another. The first meant nothing to us at the outset beyond the sound of a train scuttling over a couple of switches; the second we rhymed with "dotage," and the third we approximately rhymed with "hoaxes." Unless everybody takes a stand alongside of us right now, winter will be bringing us "antiprofiteer," "propropaganda," and even perhaps "antiantipodes."

A MUSCULAR acquaintance has just been telling us about the good times everybody had over at Macfadden Publications when Bernarr, himself, was still working there. Every day, between 12:15 and 12:30, the whole crowd was



invited upstairs to a big, airy room where they did calisthenics and sang songs which they made up themselves. He was kind enough to sing us one of them:

I love all people and people love me,
My heart is singing,
I'm glad as can be;
Good cheer and sunshine are right in the air,
Beauty and grandeur are everywhere.
I love all people, their good traits I find,
I'll help to show them the right state of mind.
I love all people and people love me,
And I'm as glad as can be.

We can't help contrasting this with the atmosphere around our own little psychopathic ward. Right now, from our office, we can see a thin, melancholy office boy leaning against the wall beside the water-cooler and waiting for five o'clock, or the end of the world, or just nothing. He is whistling "The Funeral March of a Marionette."

WE recently visited a young couple who share their two-room-and-kitchenette apartment with a small baboon. Their cramped quarters have always smacked of the primitive—cooking is too close to sleeping, eating to bathing—but place a monkey in this milieu and civilization itself totters. Our friends think the monkey amusing as he hops from frigidaire to toaster to radio. To

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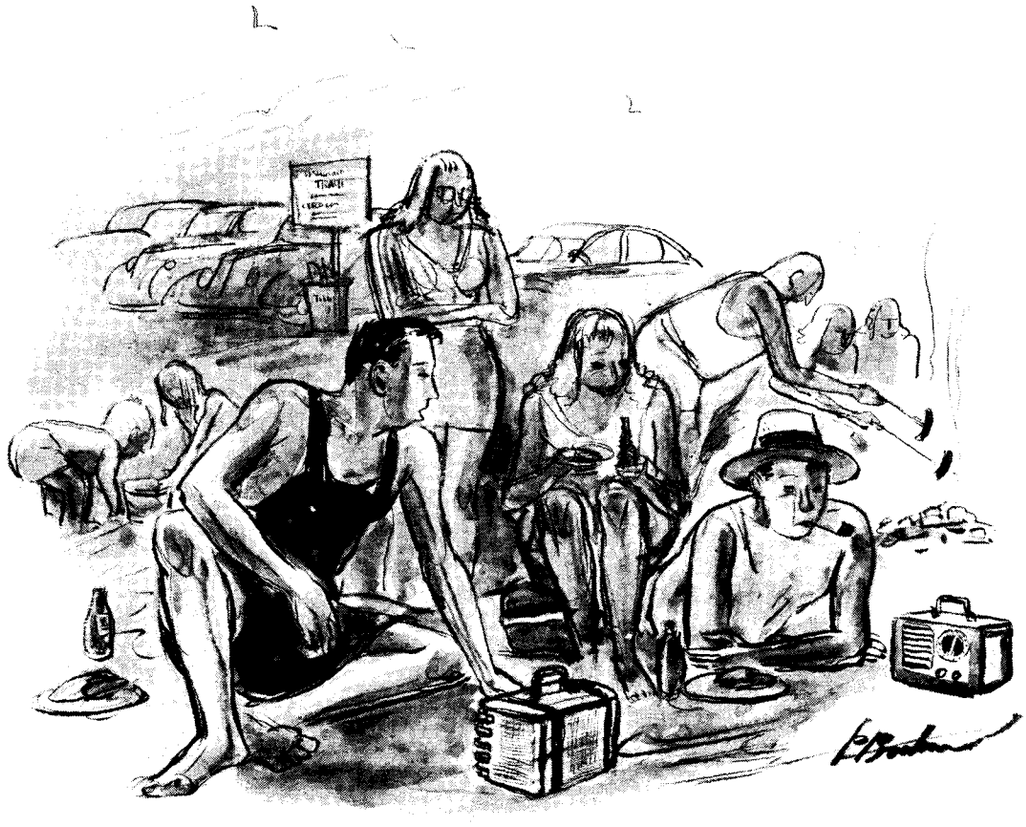

"I'll get Churchill. You keep the Dodgers."

• •

us, however, his mocking grin meant just one thing: a dread prophecy that the black days are almost at hand again, that man's bestial past has come to threaten him in his own home. As we fled, we could hear, out in the kitchenette, the approaching beat of jungle tom-toms.

Oh, Say

IF you take Lucy Monroe as an index, the situation appears to be definitely tightening up. Miss Monroe is, of course, the radio and light-opera singer who has in recent years donated her services to so many patriotic gatherings, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." When war broke out, in '39, she was singing it in public about once every two weeks. Lately she has been called on at least three times a week. We talked with Miss Monroe the other day, just after she had returned from the annual convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Philadelphia. "They got it three times," she told us, referring somewhat professionally to the national anthem, "at the opening, at the ladies' auxiliary, and at the banquet."

Miss Monroe is a wholesome, pink-cheeked American girl, born right here in New York. One of her early recollections about "The Star-Spangled Banner" is of a time she was singing it with the rest of her class at Horace Mann and the girl next to her cried, "Lucy, for God's sake don't sing so loud!" In 1929, Miss Monroe went into show business. She had three numbers in the first "Little Show." During the thirties she sang for various opera companies—the St. Louis Grand Opera, Chicago, Hippodrome, and Met. She broke into radio on a sustaining program and was soon being sponsored by Bayer aspirin. Now she appears on the Sunday-night program called "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round."

It was in 1937 that Miss Monroe became attached in a serious way to "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Legion had its convention in New York that year, and she was chosen "official soloist." Countless times during that mad week, when the boys weren't overturning taxicabs or breaking windows, they heard Miss Monroe sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then came an invitation to sing it at the Memorial Day services before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. This established a tradition, and Miss Monroe now figures that she has sung the anthem at least fifteen hundred times in the past four years. Much of this total was piled up during the second year of the World's Fair, when she sang it four times a day, seven days a week, for six months, as part of "American Jubilee." In addition to this regular stint, she was always trotting over to the Court of Peace, to take off at a reception for a visiting diplomat, a Republican Presidential candidate, or a delegation of Mexican mothers. All this star-spangled singing has been unpaid—except, of course, in "American Jubilee." Miss Monroe even pays her own travelling expenses.

"God Bless America" seems to be gaining in popularity, Miss Monroe says, but she herself thinks the national anthem is a good song; good to sing, that is. "If people would only speed it up a little, it would come out fine," she told us. The R.C.A.-Victor people have appointed her their Director of Patriotic Music, which means, as nearly as we could gather, that she tries out new patriotic tunes to see how they strike her. Some of them strike her as awful, particularly a number recently submitted in manuscript which started, "I'm so lonely 'cause that man who used to take me past Schrafft's window every night has gone away to camp now."

Oath

AN attorney was dictating letters on a hot afternoon and wound up one of them in a stately way with the phrase "With assurances of my regard." The typed letter that was laid on his desk for his signature was a little different. It said, "With my assurance to God." Wouldn't be noteworthy if it happened to anybody but an attorney.

Helmets

NOBODY but Fiorello LaGuardia, probably, could have uprooted the tradition surrounding firemen's helmets. Ever since he borrowed a sandhog's helmet to wear during an inspection tour of the Sixth Avenue subway excavation, he has been urging the Fire Department to change over to that type. This is about equivalent to asking a foxhunter to abandon his pink coat. The fireman's leather service helmet, reinforced with ribbing and sloping back to protect his neck, has been in use here-

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abouts for the past century and a quarter, from the day the city's Common Council passed an order to standardize helmets. Practical or not, firemen like their helmets, and the Mayor met a good deal of opposition.

Now, however, there are four new rescue companies—one each in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens, and Manhattan—and they use helmets of a kind recommended by LaGuardia in their rescue work. They are called upon to cope with such emergencies as cave-ins and poisonous smoke, and carry as part of their equipment gas masks and oxygen tanks. The helmets designed to wear over these masks are a sort of compromise between a sandhog's and a fireman's helmet. They retain the old shape, but are a composition of mica and bakelite, which makes them a bit lighter. The rescue-company men wear these only when they have their masks on. Other times they stick to the old-fashioned leather number. It's an opening wedge, though, and we're betting on Fiorello.

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PEOPLE are still talking in public. For example: "Say what you like about Hitler, that book of his has been a best-seller." That was a lady on Park Avenue. One of two large gentlemen in polo shirts, deep in conversation on East Twenty-third Street, was heard to exclaim, "But haven't you any funnies in Jersey?"

Civil Relief

UNQUESTIONABLY we have not been alone in wondering how compulsory military service affects a man's financial obligations—debts, alimony, loans, installment contracts, and the like—but no other journalistic outlet has shown a desire to tackle the topic, and since one hasn't, we have finally done it ourself. In the first place, the whole principle of financial justice for soldiers and sailors is summed up in a turgid, unreadable law called the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940; this remains in force until May 15, 1945, or, if we are then at war, until six months after the war's conclusion. The Act provides the principles for settling all sorts of problems, but the administration of the Act remains in the hands of the civil courts. That is, you sue a soldier just as you sue anybody else, but he has, in certain cases, legal protection not offered to civilians.

It's not true, as some people will tell you, that a soldier is safe from process-servers as long as he stays on a military reservation. Not at all. Summonses are served, efficiently and inexorably, through the commandant of the post. Being drafted doesn't release a man from alimony payments, necessarily, though the judge of the Domestic Relations Court takes the ex-husband's altered status into consideration and may reduce the amount; however, if he has any property or a bank account, the little woman can attach it should the payments fall in arrears. A selectee's lease isn't cancelled when he joins the Army. His landlord may sue for the full amount due under the lease; however, he probably can't collect unless the soldier has an income beyond his Army pay. If a soldier left dependents living in his apartment and they are unable to pay their rent because of his leaving his job, the court may, if eviction proceedings are brought, give them three months' grace; after that, eviction. Incidentally, if the landlord should evict them without due process of law, he can be sent to jail for a year.

Mortgages can't be foreclosed on a soldier, though he will have to hump himself as soon as he's discharged and get up the dough within three months. In the case of installment buying, the court may grant the buyer a stay extending until three months after his discharge from the Army or permit the seller to pay back an "equitable amount" of the money already paid and repossess the goods. Automobiles can be repossessed, however, if the buyer hasn't yet built up a fifty-per-cent equity; all the court can do is compel the automobile company to post a bond guaranteeing an adequate repayment. Of course, if a soldier gets hooked into an installment

"Private Hopkins, your slip is showing!"

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purchase after the Army has hooked him, the Act affords him no protection.

In the cases of all sorts of debt—secured loans, notes with co-signers, etc.—the court has the power, if the lender brings suit, to grant a moratorium extending until ninety days after Hitler is done for. Furthermore, no action can be taken against co-signers. In a civil suit, if a co-defendant is drafted, the court may allow the plaintiff to proceed against the other defendants. As for attachments on property, the court may set them aside, and this will undoubtedly be the procedure where it is found that the defendant's financial status has been "materially altered" by conscription. The government guarantees payment of premiums on insurance policies of up to $5,000 and gives selectees a year after discharge to pay back any sums advanced. In case a soldier doesn't survive the war, the amount he owes the government for premiums is to be deducted from the proceeds of the policy.

In the Army, taxes are somewhat less inevitable than death. A soldier's property cannot be sold in default of taxes or assessments on it; such proceedings have to wait until six months after his discharge. Income taxes get the same period of grace, and there's no interest.

Pride

A NICE, fresh Hollywood story, about Lew Ayres' cook: Mr. Ayres' bachelor entertaining often takes the form of buffet suppers. His friends couldn't help noticing that supper was always rather late—sometimes as late as ten o'clock—and that, although the board was groaning with food arranged in a stunningly ornamental way, the dishes that should have been served hot were frequently stone-cold. Somebody finally asked about this, and Mr. Ayres had the explanation right at hand—a large stack of color photographs of every buffet that had been served in his house. His cook was so full of pride in his creations that before serving the food he photographed it. Things cooled off while he was screwing in photo-flood bulbs, consulting color charts, and making time exposures.

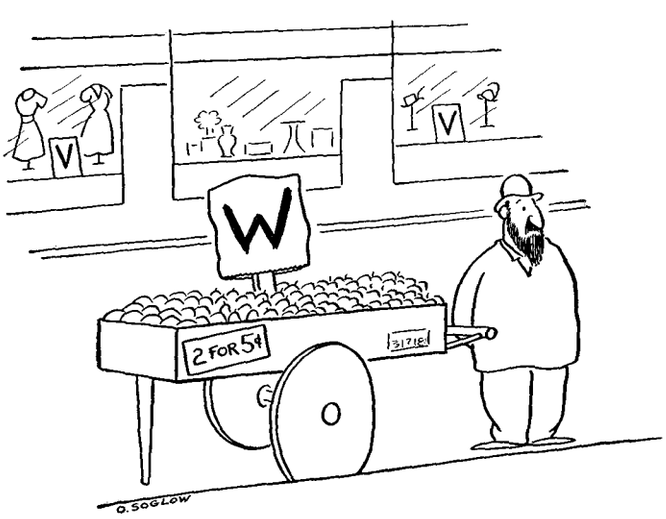
Elder Statesman

THIS month, Dr. James Rowland Angell, President Emeritus of Yale University, in New Haven, begins his fifth year with the National Broadcasting Company. In four years he has forged sturdily ahead, progressing from the position of Educational Counsellor to that of Public Service Counsellor, and in addition being elected to the N.B.C. board of directors. In the end, this persistence earned the Doctor a place on our "must" list, and last week we dropped around for a chat. The chat turned out to be with various of his colleagues, Dr. Angell himself being on the last leg of his regular two-month vacation. Inquiring first into the significance of the terms "educational" and "public service," as used in Dr. Angell's titles, we learned that they indicate non-profit-bearing programs. In other words, Dr. Angell does not concern himself much with "John's Other Wife," "Portia Faces Life," or other N.B.C. soap opera, though it would be possible to mention the names of several Yale men who *do*.

The radio people, we gathered, spotted Dr. Angell as promising material while he was active at Yale. In his sixteen-year tenure of office, he doubled and redoubled the university's endowments, and almost completely redecorated the campus. When he retired in 1937, at the age of sixty-eight, N.B.C. offered him a three-year contract at twenty-five thousand a year. Dr. Angell was loath to accept this at first, for fear that he might be considered just a "front man," but Owen D. Young, Newton D. Baker, and other eminent friends of his finally won him over. He spent his first year in the radio business travelling here and abroad, to "determine the relationship that should exist between radio and education." Since then he has had his finger in the planning of such programs as Dr. Damrosch's "Music Appreciation Hour," "America's Town Meeting of the Air," the University of Chicago's "Round Table," "Pageant of Art," and "On Your Job." The last-named is about the problems of American workers. This program was Dr. Angell's own idea, too, as was "Pageant of Art," which is a Sunday half-hour bill "aiming to show the interrelation of art and developing civilization." Dr. Angell, also, was the first to call unsponsored programs "public-service programs"—a felicitous inspiration that was immediately taken up by the two other chains. In his new rôle of Public Service Counsellor, Dr. Angell meets with a group called a Listeners' Panel, composed of heads of women's clubs, consumer organizations, and other bodies. They make suggestions.

"A large part of Dr. Angell's time is spent in acting as an elder statesman," one of the radio men told us. We gathered that occasionally the Doctor is a kind of one-man court, or sage, who can be consulted by executives of equal rank when they reach a stalemate. Dr. Angell performs this kindly function in an office attached to the "president's suite" on the sixth floor of the R.C.A. Building. It is modest, or at least modest for a radio executive's office; has indirect lighting, leather furniture, brown carpet, and a device called a monitor, which enables Dr. Angell to dial in any program emanating from New York, as well as all local N.B.C. auditions. His assistant told us that the Doctor listens to the radio all day, even when conferring or dictating. "A man of his mentality can concentrate like that," he explained. Besides radio work, Dr. Angell has two other jobs: President of the English Speaking Union and President Emeritus of Yale, which is really quite a responsible office. He's on call for all important academic affairs at New Haven, where he ranks the active president.

ANNOUNCER: And that is the story of Dr. Angell in Radio City. (*Theme music up and out.*)



Inflation

THERE was a gay end-of-summer party at one of the nearby beach clubs, and one of the guests surprised everybody with a sleight-of-hand trick. The trick involved a milk bottle and a dime: you put the dime in the bottle, shake the bottle hard from side to side, and out pops the dime, right through the glass. The performer had to ask the waiter

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"Now what's yours?"

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for both bottle and dime, and then, because the trick was such a howling success and he wanted to present it with elaborations, he sent for two more milk bottles. Well, the point of the story isn't the trick—it's been years since parlor tricks have interested us professionally—but the dinner check that was presented to the host at the end of the evening. It included these two items:

3 milk bottles	30c
1 dime	12c

Visible Whistle

John Hays Hammond, Jr., bobbed into the news again last week as the inventor of one of those fantastic gadgets that have in recent years become necessary merely to maintain the *status quo*. In a word, Mr. Hammond has invented a boat's whistle which will emit a plume of what looks like steam. Of course, in the days before boats were powered with Diesel engines, all boats' whistles emitted plumes of real steam, because they were damn well worked by steam. Navigators in crowded waters were accustomed to rely pretty heavily on being able to *see* the steam from the whistles of neighboring craft. There are several reasons: if many boats are close together, it's the only way to tell which one is signalling; also, if the wind is unfavorable, you mightn't know a vessel was signalling at all.

Anyhow, we arranged to call on Mr. Hammond, and when our gig pulled up smartly alongside his yacht, Odysseus III, there he was, waiting to pipe us aboard. The yacht was flying a Canadian standard, and Mr. Hammond explained that he registered her up there, manned her with a Canadian crew, and entered these waters on a visitor's permit. He couldn't get a satisfactory American crew. Odysseus III has had a romantic enough history. She started life as a fishing smack, was bought and used by bootleggers, and was then sold to mysterious parties thought to be planning to whisk Samuel Insull out of Greece; this last was in 1933. "They built a secret compartment that you could easily overlook unless you knew the dimensions of the ship," Mr. Hammond told us. "It was lined with steel plate, too. But Insull was scared to try to escape in the ship. Instead, he bought a tramp steamer and got caught."

About the whistle. Mr. Hammond took us to a control box near the foremast and pushed a button. A white-painted, compressed-air siren up in the mainmast uttered a raucous bellow, and simultaneously a jet of white shot out of a tube attached to the siren and streamed downwind. "No good in a fog, but in clear weather you can see it for a mile," said Mr. Hammond proudly. "At night we throw lights on it." The white stuff isn't steam, of course; it's powdered aluminum stearate under two hundred and fifty pounds' air pressure. We forgot to ask whether aluminum stearate is affected by priorities, but we have no doubt that if it is, Mr. Hammond will discover an adequate substitute for it. We tell you about this simply as a reminder that life is very, very complicated.

Permission

An average little housewife of Springfield, Massachusetts, was puttering about her house one fine morning when the telephone rang. It was Western Union, with a telegram from Seattle. "I will give you the message," said Western Union. "It reads, 'Code B, 1998, 6042, 5408, 5506, 7724, confirm disjointedly.'" "What?" said the housewife. "Isn't this the residence of Mr. ——?" asked Western Union, doubtfully. The lady said no, it wasn't. "In that case, you may ignore the message, Madam," Western Union said.

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"I tell you we haven't got any aluminum!"

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PALE HANDS BESIDE THE CIRCULAR BAR

ON one of the bright days of the spring of 1940, when the Maginot Line still held, Hippolyte de Glenzer gazed up into the untroubled Paris sky. His face, which normally looked as if it just had been slapped, looked less so for a little while as he calculated the neat profits from two small old masters that had been sold for him in New York and thought of the sum that had been deposited for him in a New York bank. The high heels on which he walked, attached to patent-leather pumps (he was only five feet three without them), clattered down the Rue des Gobelins, and he whistled and turned over in his mind the pleasant idea of running out on the misery that no one here saw coming. Although his right hand was bandaged, he rubbed both hands together gently. At the end of the street he stood still for a moment and then, with his bandaged hand, waved for a taxi and got in it. He said goodbye to everything as he looked out of the window of the moving cab; he smiled indulgently at a poster that advertised armament bonds and, as he passed a *succursale* of the Crédit Lyonnais, he closed his eyes and spelled to himself the name of the New York bank where his money was secure and waiting.

He got out of the taxi at the Café du Dôme and sat down at a sidewalk table to wait for his friend Georges. Georges was a sometime secretary, valet, friend, chauffeur, and mechanic. M. de Glenzer had with him a small green envelope with some money in it for Georges—a bonus on a transaction a few months old. From his corner table, de Glenzer looked up and down the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse, but did not see Georges. At the table next to him someone said that Hitler was only bluffing, that the war was a fake.

Just before the trouble began, a few weeks before the German-French frontier was closed, Georges had driven de Glenzer across the border in an open car into whose double canvas top two van Goghs, a Hieronymus Bosch, and three Holbeins had been sewn. They had got into France a few hours ahead of the agents of the *Kulturministerium* and the Gestapo, who had caught the poor fellow who had sold them the paintings. Everything went quietly, professionally, without excitement or trouble until they had safely passed the border; then Georges drove like a madman, and at Nancy, the first place they stopped on the way to Paris, he poured drink into himself to celebrate the deed, and then he said to de Glenzer, "Ah! I like you. I like you very much," and slapped him between the shoulders. De Glenzer swayed on his bar stool, coughed, and fell, and a brandy glass broke in his hand and almost severed his thumb. He had had the cut attended to immediately, but the wound had become infected, and in Paris he had had to go to a hospital; now it was properly sewed up with six stitches, and healing.

De Glenzer looked at the restaurant's clock for the seventh time; he had waited for half an hour. He decided to go, but just as he was paying his bill, Georges arrived. He had come from around the corner, where the Cinéma Raspail was, had walked from there to the newspaper kiosk, proceeded to the flower wagon, and quickly run into the Dôme. He had entered it through the side door where the cigarette stand is, from there had crossed through the bar, and had surprised de Glenzer, who was looking into the street, expecting him to come from there.

De Glenzer offered his unbandaged hand and then gave Georges a green envelope. Georges counted the contents and said that the sum was acceptable, in fact most generous, and while he put the money in a black wallet and stowed the wallet away in his inside coat pocket, de Glenzer informed him that he hoped to go to America.

"You are right. Good God, here it's no longer fun! It's misery; it's a rotten life. If I could only get out of here, too! *La Belle France*—bah!" said Georges. "I would love to go with you to America. I think I would like it there. A nice woman, you know—not poor. She does not have to be young, not very young, and she does not need to own a Château de Sans-Souci. What I mean is comfort. I'm a homebody. I love a nice home, furniture. I would do the marketing myself. I would attend to her, make her happy. I know how to do this. Do you know anyone like that in America? Do they understand an arrangement like that?" He looked down at his hands, which were gloved.

"I love soft gloves," he went on. "Yellow gloves." He took them off and de Glenzer saw that his hands were pale. He had never seen Georges' hands before. "It is a habit with me. I seldom work without gloves. One leaves no fingerprints that way. I am so used to them that my hands feel uncomfortable when I have no gloves on them. It's like dreaming you are without your trousers in a large room filled with people. I even wore them when I sat in front of the hotel in Noirmoutier, and everyone took me for an English lord. I should have stayed there longer. It is dangerous for me here; the police are still on the alert. It was much nicer in Noirmoutier—the sand, the sun, and only one policeman, an idiot. That is why I would like to be in America, away from the police—start a new life. I think I have come back too soon. It is not safe for me here."

Georges' sharp face was sunburned to a dark-brown olive shade; only his hands were pale. He told de Glenzer that he had got tanned hiding out on the Ile de Noirmoutier. He had sat day after day on a bench in back of the orphan asylum without a hat; his had been blown into the water crossing over to the island. He had kept his hands in his pockets or in his gloves.

Georges looked up and down the legs of a young woman who passed the tables of the Café du Dôme and then said, "What were we talking about? Oh, yes, we were talking about the police. I have come back too soon. I sense this. I get a feeling somewhere here in back of my head, between the ears; my collar gets warm and then hot, and I know there is danger. I feel this now. I know I must make myself rare for a while longer. I should have stayed another month—it was nice in Noirmoutier. I will have to make another trip. I must go away again. I think I will go to Basle; I have an aunt there. I know Basle well—a lovely city. Have you ever been in Basle? There, to the right—don't look now. Two tables away from us, the man who pretends to read the paper, the one with a copy of *Paris-Soir* in his paws—look at him."

De Glenzer looked.

"I think I am speaking the truth,"

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Georges went on, "when I say that only an agent of the police can have a physiognomy so blank, so gross, so stupid. Let's go. Follow me, this way."

Georges went ahead, turned, and scurried down the circular stairway inside the Café du Dôme, where the men's washroom is. Just before one goes into the washroom there is another door. This door Georges opened. They went through it to the kitchen and into the back street. Georges threw the butt of his cigarette away and pressed against the houses, the jacket of his suit pulled tightly around him. He moved so fast that de Glenzer had to run and was out of breath when they came to the end of the street. He jumped after Georges to the rear platform of a passing bus. Georges bought the tickets, folded them, and stuck them under a wedding ring which he wore on the index finger of his pale left hand.

"My gloves," Georges said, "I forgot my gloves!" He shrugged his shoulders and put his hands in his pockets. "I must go tonight," he said. "I will find out when a train leaves. I have to make some arrangements before I go. I have a good friend who is the headwaiter at the Café des Deux Magots. You know the place. I must speak to him. He is my banker and does some business for me. Here we are," he said, and jumped off when the bus turned the corner facing the Deux Magots.

They sat down at a small table in front of the café. In the square there was a great commotion—a taxi had rammed a baker's delivery tricycle, and a bus, trying to avoid a further collision, had swerved, mounted the sidewalk, and crashed through the iron gate of the little park next to the Church of St. Germain des Prés. Three gendarmes were busy restraining the various characters in the drama.

Each of the gendarmes, his short blue cape thrown back over both shoulders, gestured with a pencil stub with which he wanted to write a report of the accident in his notebook. These notebooks they waved while the drivers of the vehicles shouted at each other, "*Andouille!*" "*Tête de lard!*" "*Chauffeur du dimanche!*" "*Tordu!*"

A trembling little man sat on the steps of the rectory holding a handkerchief to his face; the *curé's* housekeeper brought him a glass of water and helped him inside. The headwaiter friend of Georges' explained that the little man had just missed being crushed against the iron gate when the bus mounted the sidewalk and had nearly collapsed from fright.

The headwaiter then shouted for his waiters. They were all in the street, waving their napkins and giving eyewitness accounts of the accident. One of them held up the front wheel of the tricycle, which was in the shape of a figure eight, and pointed at the driver of the taxi. The headwaiter went out into the square and chased them all back to the café.

Unconcerned with all this excitement, a Hindu passed through the crowd with dignity. He walked very erect, in native garb, and clinging to him, hobbling along noiselessly on feet stuck into small high-heeled shoes, was a short, dark, East Indian woman. The Hindu and his companion headed for the jewelry shop at the left of the café.

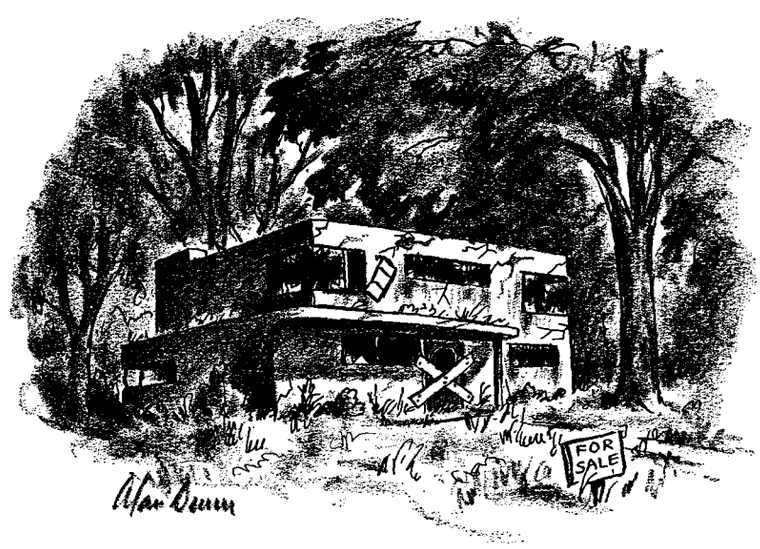
Georges looked after them and remarked how wonderful it was that in Paris one could dress up in any fashion one pleased and no one bothered about it. "Yes, yes," said Georges. "It is very nice, very, very nice." His eyes roved over every visible part of the streets, the square, in and out of the restaurant. His eyes were like gulls that ride the air; they never rested.

A little while after the Hindu and the little woman had gone into the jewelry shop, they came out. The woman trotted along, holding onto the Hindu's robe, and she tinkled now.

"I don't believe it," said Georges. "Do you see what I see? Look!" He pointed at the woman's feet. De Glenzer looked down and saw that she wore bracelets on her right ankle, six golden bracelets which the Hindu must have just bought for her. They tinkled as she walked.

The Hindu sat down at a table in back of de Glenzer and Georges and called for a waiter by clapping his hands. He wanted to order something. He repeated the order three times, but the waiter shrugged his shoulders. He could not seem to understand the Hindu. The waiter went to get the headwaiter. The Hindu repeated his order with gestures, but the headwaiter did not understand him, either. Georges leaned back and listened, then said to de Glenzer, "I believe this Hindu is trying to speak English." He listened again and then said, "I believe this Hindu cannot speak French. It sounds like some kind of English to me. Yes, he is trying to speak English; it's very bad English, but I think I know what he wants. I think he wants a gin-and-tonic for himself and a chocolate-and-vanilla ice for the lady, and some pastry." Georges then smiled and turned to the Hindu and said, "Excuse me. My name is Georges Duval. Allow me to order for you." He called the headwaiter and told him, "*Un gin-and-tonic pour Monsieur, une glace vanille et chocolat pour Madame, et de la pâtisserie.*" The Hindu was very grateful. He rose and crossed his arms over his chest, saying, "Thank you, thank you, thank you very much." Bowing solemnly, he sat down.

Georges then spoke to his headwaiter friend and gave him a small package. He had hardly done this when he took de Glenzer's arm and said, "I must go now. I must leave you immediately. But you will hear from me. I will write you a note. I am taking the train for Basle tonight." He looked out into the square while he talked, and de Glenzer saw that the man who had sat close to their table at the Dôme reading the *Paris-Soir* now talked to one of the gendarmes, who was writing in his notebook. Then Georges was gone.



There was a knock at de Glenzer's door late that night. Georges came in; he was cold and he had no hat. "I can't go home for anything," he said. "They are there already."

De Glenzer asked him whether he wanted more money, but he said

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"Your mother is a very remarkable woman, Herbert."

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he had enough. He pulled out his wallet and showed de Glenzer two of the four five-hundred-franc Swiss banknotes which de Glenzer had given him that afternoon, and some change; he also had his ticket to Basle. He had given the rest to the headwaiter to keep for him.

He needed clothes; he wanted to borrow a coat and a hat. There were a bowler and a raincoat in the closet of the room and he took them, then said, "Gloves. Quickly, gloves. I almost forgot the gloves. I am certain that by now my *signalement* is broadcast—pale hands, dark complexion. I must have gloves." De Glenzer had several pairs of new English gloves; he picked out a yellow pair and gave them to Georges. Georges shook hands and said, while putting on the gloves, that his friend would hear from him soon. He waved goodbye with a yellow-gloved hand and was gone. He waved with his left hand. Georges was left-handed.

SOME ten days later de Glenzer sat, as he did every day at around five, at the leftmost marble-topped table in front of the Café des Deux Magots, and next to his table sat the man with the physiognomy of the *agents de la Sûreté*.

He was almost always there. He had started a nodding acquaintance, and de Glenzer had always nodded back to him, but they never spoke. The *agent* read, as usual, his copy of *Paris-Soir* and then sat for a while, finishing a cigar. He put the paper down, yawned several times, and wearily looked for the waiter. The waiter came and counted the saucers; the man paid, got up, and went away, leaving his paper on the chair. De Glenzer picked it up and started to read it. It was folded down the middle of the second page, and at the top of the page was the report of a murder. The headlines said:

TRAGIC NIGHT ON THE BOULEVARD MAGENTA

AFTER HAVING KILLED HIS AUNT, A YOUNG HAIRDRESSER DISAPPEARS

"SHE DID NOT WANT TO FOLLOW ME TO AFRICA," SAYS THE MURDERER

Right under this was another item of crime, with headlines in large type:

NOTHING IN HIS HANDS BUT THE BANKNOTES IN HIS POCKET

A CROOK DISGUISED AS A HINDU MAKES DISAPPEAR $2,300 FROM A BANK TELLER

The story had come by telephone from the paper's special envoy in Basle. It said:

Yesterday afternoon there presented himself at the window of a large bank in Basle a young man of exotic allure, his hair in a turban, his hands in bright-lemon-yellow gloves, and speaking with a frightful English jargon.

From his gestures and words, the clerk deduced that he wanted to change a Swiss banknote of five hundred francs against dollars. The cashier brought out of his strongbox a little package of American banknotes and showed them to the Hindu. That one took them an instant into his hands to examine them from nearby, but he gave them back immediately to the cashier, not without manifesting his most lively disappointment for having been misunderstood. The cashier excused himself and the difficult palaver began again. After a new and very expressive pantomime, the man in the turban succeeded finally in making himself understood—it was not at all dollars that he desired to receive but pounds sterling. The cashier, now much relieved, hastened to change the five hundred Swiss francs of the Hindu against English bills.

Our Hindu bowed solemnly, the arms crossed on his breast, before the cashier who had served him so well, and left the bank with measured step.

It was only in the evening, after the closing of the door, that our cashier, while verifying his cash, established, not without bitterness, that he lacked thirty-five bills of various denominations, which represented in total the *coquette* sum of 130,000 francs.

The Hindu, in examining the package, had, it appears, made the thirty-five bills disappear. The cashier observed that the Hindu was left-handed.

It is now the turn of the police of Basle

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to search for a young man with dark *teint*, lemon-yellow gloves, the hair dressed in a turban, and to decide whether he is really a Hindu or quite simply a professional crook disguised as a man of that race.

DE GLENZER left Paris soon after. He had not heard from Georges. He worried about him and often thought of him, and consoled himself with the knowledge that in times of turmoil such characters as Georges usually fare well. De Glenzer arrived in New York with trunk and baggage on the Excambion and took up residence in a smart and quiet hotel between Park and Lexington Avenues, in the Fifties. He felt at home there; it had the smells and sounds of the Meurice or the Plaza-Athénée. In the elevators, in the corridors and lobbies, English was rarely spoken, French and German predominated, and there was some Hungarian, Polish, and Rumanian; it sounded like Maxim's at noon and, particularly at 5 P.M., it was crowded with overperfumed women, pomaded men, and monocles.

On a Friday afternoon, about a month after he had arrived in New York, de Glenzer called for the manager of the hotel. He wanted to give a party and wondered whether, instead of paying for a private dining room, he could use the sitting room of his suite. He wanted to have the grand piano moved out and a small one put in. On the grand piano stood a row of pictures of wonderful girls. He had obtained these from a refugee fashion photographer who also promised to bring some of the girls themselves to the party. When the manager, Mr. Kalbfuss, came in, de Glenzer was busy opening a bottle of Chilean champagne. It had been recommended to him by a South American diplomat; it was supposed to be excellent and cheap.

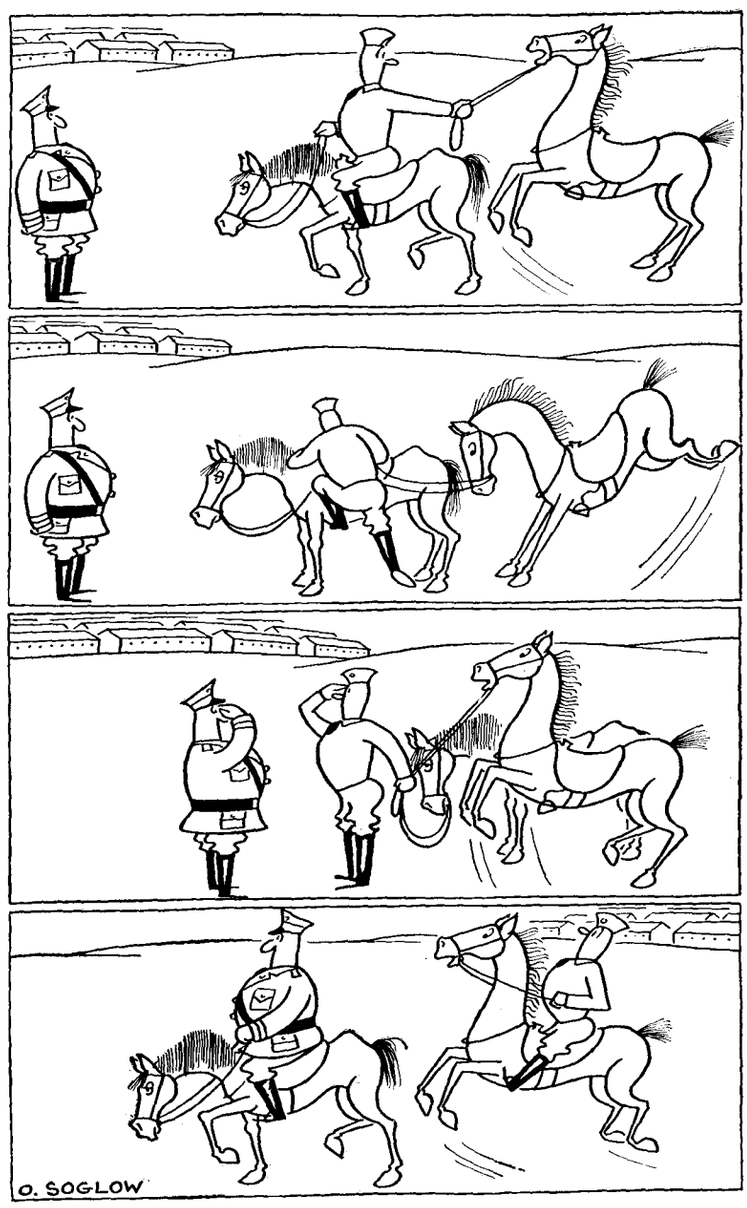
Mr. Kalbfuss looked around the room, at the piano, at the beautiful girls in silver frames, and said, "Certainly, certainly. Of course, of course, M. de Glenzer. With pleasure."

De Glenzer thanked the manager and offered him a glass of the greenish champagne. He asked for his frank opinion about the wine. The manager rolled the champagne on his tongue and said he thought it was so-so, just so-so; nothing for a dinner but all right for champagne cocktails, with a napkin wrapped around the bottle. He asked whether he could sit down for a minute. "No one can find me here," he said. "I'll get a moment's rest."

De Glenzer poured him another glass of the champagne and said how very nice it was of him, the manager, to have the piano moved out. "Bah!" said Mr. Kalbfuss. "That is nothing, nothing at all, no trouble. You should know some of the things one has to do in this business, M. de Glenzer," he said slowly, and wagged a finger. "You have no idea what we have to go through sometimes. It is unthinkable. There is not even a dream like it. You should thank God, M. de Glenzer, that you are an art dealer and not a hotel man. Yes, you have really to thank God for that every day."

M. de Glenzer clucked sympathetically and started to take the girls off the piano.

"As for pianos, hear what happened to me two days ago, M. de Glenzer," said the manager. "You would not believe such a thing could happen. I don't know how I could have fallen for it. It's the oldest trick in the business, and it wouldn't have happened to me if he had not asked me to break down a wall. A man comes in here; he looks about thirty, a refugee. He had lunch in the restaurant with an elderly woman, very well dressed—fox scarf, dog, diamonds. First they did not like the table they got, and after they were seated they looked at the menu and complained about our assortment of dishes. The man continually snapped his fingers at the waiter; the best was not good enough. They ordered a quart of Krug '28. Half of the food they sent back to the kitchen, saying that this and that was wrong with it. Then they called the headwaiter and complained about the service, and at the end the man signed the bill. He left a very poor tip, just like a really rich man. Then he sent for me.



"He said he wanted to look at some rooms. I took him upstairs myself, and showed him 98, the suite right above this one. He remarked that he liked the hotel—the furniture and everything was all right. The only thing he objected to was the sitting room—it was too small. He tapped on the wall with his cane and asked what was next door, so I showed him 99, the adjoining suite; he wanted to rent the two suites, he said, and break the wall through. He

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said he needed the space so that he could have his two grand pianos in this room, one facing this way and the other that way. He tapped some more on the wall and I telephoned for the engineer.

"The engineer came up and said yes, it could be done. We telephoned the renting agents, who have the final say about this, and they said that it was all right to knock down the wall.

"The man said to send a truck for his trunks and gave one of the best hotels in the city as his address. So just to play safe, just as a matter of routine, you know, I had someone call up, and they said yes, he's registered there and he's all right.

"On the way down he asked me to cash a check; he needed two hundred and thirty dollars. Here is the check. It is a false signature. He had given me the name of someone he knew was staying at that other hotel.

"The police were here. They asked me what he looks like. The only thing I remember about him is that he's about five feet six and he wore yellow gloves, and he wrote out the check with his left hand."

Hippolyte de Glenzer looked up as if far away he heard a familiar tune being played. The manager, with traces of the miserable experience still all over his face, said, "I never would have fallen for it if he hadn't asked me to break through the wall. Nobody ever pulled that one before."

"It didn't end like this in the book."

• •

De Glenzer went for lunch to the Colony to discuss terms for a Gauguin sketch. He looked through the assembled crowd at the good and bad tables as he sat down to wait for his client. Time and again, he had a feeling that Georges might be somewhere in the room, but he did not see him. A few nights later he thought he saw Georges jump out of a cab as he crossed Madison Avenue after dining at Voisin's. He knew Georges' motions well, but the man was too far away for him to be sure. Whoever he was, he disappeared through the door of a night club. A woman was with him. In silhouette they looked like Jimmy Walker and Louella Parsons.

De Glenzer followed them into the night club and was seated. The man who looked like Georges was across the room on a banquette near the circular bar. His head was turned away, for he was talking to his companion, a white-haired *grande dame*, with face and arms like asbestos, whose head was constantly in motion. The body, in black velvet, sat straight up, the neck was wrapped in a choker of diamonds. The occupants of the table suggested Goya, the Gestapo, the fall of France, the foyer of the Meurice, an altar in a Spanish church, a sepulchre with the bejewelled relics of an old saint. The man turned and looked at de Glenzer. He recognized his friend. He sent a small, sad smile across to de Glenzer and raised his hand—the left one. It was as pale as the woman's throat. De Glenzer waved back to Georges with his own left, the one with the cut and the six stitches.

—Ludwig Bemelmans

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Will the creature who helped himself to my Buick sedan and all the contents, Saturday, July 12, on Charles st., Boston, return my brown coat. Mrs. J., Shrewsbury, Mass.—*Boston Globe.*

Man wants but little here below.

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BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE HUMILIATION OF EVELYN HUNTINGTON RUTHERFORD

Drat the lilac! Drat the sea spray!
Drat the skylark and the bluejay!
For Evelyn Huntington Rutherford's muse
Has gone away, perhaps to stay. Hey!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Evelyn Huntington Rutherford was a lady poet. Earlier in life she had been a girl poet and earlier still she had been a baby poet. Before she knew enough to take her spoon out of her cocoa cup, she could bat out pentameters, and did. Before she had been kissed by anybody outside her family circle, she had slung together a slew of sonnets. The day after she was kissed by somebody outside her family circle, she whipped up a hot epic called "Scorched Buds" that sold 24,547 copies the first year @ $1.75 per copy.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, she was hell on rhyme and hell on rhythm and hell on men outside her family circle. She was a spinster, but not in the nineteenth-century sense. When she heard a word she didn't listen to it but simply thought about what it might rhyme with. A man would congratulate her on her last poem and say, "Shake!" She would just smile vacantly and inside her head she would say to herself, "Ache, snake, rake, quake, make, slake, wake, break, and steak."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, a man would say to her, "Won't you have a cocktail?" She would just nod absent-mindedly and inside her head she would say to herself, "Ale, dale, frail, quail, veil, male, assail, inhale, exhale, unveil, and nightingale."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, if she thought of a pool she thought of limpid; if she thought of an eye she thought of starry; if she thought of hair she thought of locks; if she thought of a musical instrument she thought of a lute; when she saw sea spray she thought of it as being gay; moss was invariably dank; sand was endless; bread was sweet-smelling; rain was caressing; grass was always dewy; a forehead was a brow; lips were like cherries; heads were golden; loins were girded; arms were sinewy; and hearts cried, moaned, sighed, leaped up, were cast down, struggled, sang, or were lonely, empty, hard, soft, cold, warm, great, or dead.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, with all that sort of stuff going on inside her head, she seemed mysterious to men outside her family circle, because they could never quite seem to get her full attention. A man would say to her, "Let's go to a show," or "How's about my coming back to your place for a nightcap after the guests have gone?" She would nod and look vague and preoccupied. She would just be saying to herself, "Beaux, bungalow, lo, oh," or "Anon, swan, phenomenon, Amazon," but the man would think she was being tantalizing and indifferent and would accordingly adopt an aggressive attitude. Even if he said, "This coffee is great, kid," or "My, what wonderful orange juice!" she would say to herself, "Skid, slid, did," or "Deduce, conduce, seduce," and she would still seem to the man to be tantalizing and indifferent.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, of all the men outside her family circle, she liked best the ones who had family circles of their own. "Your wife is so *cute*," she would insist when one of these fellows came back to her place to have a nightcap after the guests had gone home. Sometimes she would say, "Your wife is so *solid*," or "Your wife is so *intelligent*," with the same general result; i.e., eventual admiration by the man of either her orange juice or her coffee, or both.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this sort of thing went on until the summer of the year 1941, when she took a cottage at Martha's Vineyard for the month of August. It had blue shutters and a sweet little dooryard. Oh ho, what a dooryard, gals!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, one night late in August five ladies who had found themselves with family circles wider and more irregular than they wished decided they would hold an informal fête for Evelyn Huntington Rutherford, and they set about their preparations early on a moonlight night, giggling in a manner considerably this side of their several ages. These five were Mrs. Leggitt, Mrs. Longwell, Mrs. Luther, Mrs. Link, and Mrs. Lobdell. Giggle in that moonlight, gals!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, first these five ladies each got a good-sized paper bag from her kitchen and then they all repaired to a pool Mrs. Leggitt had spotted a little way inland, which she had assured them was particularly limpid. They put some water from the limpid pool in each paper bag, Mrs. Lobdell adding quite a gob of green scum to hers, and with needless surreptitiousness, for Mrs. Leggitt, Mrs. Longwell, Mrs. Luther, and Mrs. Link were doing exactly the same thing.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, then they put in the paper bags a gill or two of dew, some dried sea spray off the boat docks in the harbor, a little caressing rain from the rain barrels around the village, some squashed cherries and other fruit, some dank moss from a swamp, some assorted and rather high old flower petals they had been collecting, some sweet-smelling chunks of discarded bread to give the mixture more body, and some endless sand to give the bags more weight. Mrs. Lobdell managed to slip a bluejay into her bag, she having taken it away from her cat three days earlier, and this was a triumph for her, because while the others had thought of something of the sort, their cats had been inactive.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, then they picked a double armful of lilacs, with rather heavy branches, and they piled the lilacs in the dooryard of Evelyn Huntington Rutherford, so that when she came tripping out that night to look at the moon she tripped on the lilacs and fell on her face, making it easy for Mrs. Leggitt, Mrs. Longwell, Mrs. Luther, Mrs. Link, and Mrs. Lobdell to jump up out of the bushes they had been hiding in and blip her over the head with their paper bags, leaving her all moist with her own clichés.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So drat the lilac! Drat the sea spray!
Drat the skylark and the bluejay!
For Evelyn Huntington Rutherford's muse
Has gone away, perhaps to stay. Hey!

—St. Clair McKelway

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TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

SHE had straight blonde hair and a red mouth, and she was lame. Every day she played golf and went swimming in the centre of a crowd of boys. Charles, sitting with his mother on the hotel porch, watched her and nodded while his mother repeated, "Isn't it extraordinary, a girl like that? I wonder what in the world they see in her." Charles took to walking past the pool during the morning as the girl and boys lay there side by side, laughing. He listened carefully to her voice. It was low, unhurried, forceful. So, he thought, was her language. Every other word seemed to him to be "damn," "hell," and worse. She spoke of God, to whom Charles was preparing to dedicate his life, as if He were a friend in the next block. "I swear to God," the girl said. "I must have told you this one, for God's sake." Charles walked out of range of the jokes that followed. He was eighteen and he was spending this last vacation with his mother before entering a seminary. In eight more summers he would be a priest. The girl's language sent sharp lightnings through him. He had never seen or heard anyone like her before in his life.

One night after dinner, while his mother was upstairs swallowing a pill, the girl sat down beside him on the hotel porch. Her lips were smiling, her eyes the color of her blue, open blouse. "We ought to know each other," she said. "You ought to join the rest of us at the pool."

"I'm with Mother."

The girl covered his hand with hers. "Well, for God's sake, you're old enough to swim by yourself, aren't you?"

Charles felt that he ought to explain before it was too late, before she had said something he could never forget. "I'm going to be a priest," he said.

The girl kept smiling. "A priest? With a turn-around collar and everything?"

He nodded.

"So you can't come swimming with the gang?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. I just thought I ought to tell you. I always do tell people."

"You can still come dancing with us if you want to?"

"Certainly."

"Could you take me to a movie if you wanted to?"

"Yes."

"I never met a boy who was going to be a priest. Could you take me out for a ride tonight if you wanted to?"

He said in relief, "We didn't bring our car."

"Oh, hell, I mean in my car. I mean just for example. I didn't say I'd go with you." She stared at him slowly from head to foot. "It would be funny, with a boy who was going to be a priest."

Fortunately, Charles thought, his mother would be coming downstairs at any moment now. She would make short shrift of the girl. "You oughtn't to keep swearing like that," he said.

He expected her to laugh, but she didn't. She ran her hand up and down the bare brown leg that was shorter than the other. "Like what?" she said.

"Like 'for God's sake.' That's taking the name of the Lord in vain. That's one of the Ten Commandments."

"I'm an awful damn fool," the girl said. "I talk like that to keep people from thinking about my leg. But I didn't know you were going to be a priest."

Charles wanted to get rid of her, but he didn't know how. He stood up and said, "I don't think you ought to worry about things like that. I hadn't even noticed."

She stood up beside him. Her eyes shone in the mountain light. "Oh, damn you, please don't lie to me," she said. "Of course you've noticed. But does it bother you? Does it make you want to stay away from me?"

"No," he said. "Oh, no."

She slipped her hand under his arm. "Thanks for saying that so nice and hard. I haven't asked anybody that in a long time."

WITHOUT having willed it, stupidly, Charles found himself walking the length of the porch beside the girl. Her blonde hair touched the shoulder of his coat. It was difficult to tell, looking down at her, that she was lame. He bent his head to smell her perfume. "Tell me what you do," he said.

"You mean, bang, just like that, what do I do?"

"Not that you have to tell me."

"But I do. It's just that there aren't any surprises in me. I'm not beautiful or tormented—or not much tormented. I don't do anything. I got out of Walker's and I had a party and now I guess I'll be on the loose like this for a couple of years. Finally somebody may ask me to marry him, and quick like a fish I will. I hope I'll have sense

"Yeah? But how is she on the getaway?"

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"I want to put in a call to Seattle, Washington."

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enough for that. And I'll be terribly glad when I've done it. I'll try to let him win most of the arguments we'll have. I'll try to be good about satisfying him, the way all those awful books say, and about having good kids for him, and all that."

Charles felt himself stumbling. She had told him everything about herself. She had told him the truth, which he hadn't wanted. They reached the end of the porch and stood facing the valley between the mountains. Two old men were playing croquet in the gathering darkness, the wooden mallets and balls knocking softly together, the white trousers moving like disembodied spirits across the lawn. Charles and the girl could hear, below them in the kitchen, the clatter of dishes being washed and stacked and the high, tired voices of the waitresses.

"Now talk about you," the girl said. "You think you want to be a priest?"

"Why—yes."

"It isn't just a vow your mother made while she was carrying you?"

Charles laughed, and was surprised at how easily he laughed. "Well," he said, "I guess Mother's always wanted me to be a priest, especially after Dad died. We went abroad then, Mother and I. We spent the summer in Rome. We had an audience with the Pope—the old one, a little man with thick glasses and a big ring. We got so we were going to Mass and even to Communion every day. When we came back to this country I started in at a Catholic school. I liked it. I graduated this year. I'm going down to the seminary in the fall. I guess I'll like that, too."

"But isn't there more to it than that?" the girl said. "I'm not a Catholic—I'm not anything—but don't you have to have some kind of a call, bells ringing, something like that?"

"You mean a vocation. Yes. Well, I guess I have a vocation all right."

"But what is it? How can you be sure?"

Charles gripped the railing of the porch. He had never been able to answer that question. He remembered kneeling beside his mother's bed, month after month, year after year. "Don't you feel it, darling?" his mother had whispered. "Don't you feel how wonderful it will be? Don't you feel how God wants you?" Charles had told himself finally that he was able to answer that question. The next day his mother, dabbing her eyes, had said, "Here's my boy, Father Duffy. I'm giving him to you." And Father Duffy had said, "Ah, you're an example to Irish mothers everywhere. Are you sure you want to come with us, boy?" "Yes, Father, I do," Charles had said, watching his mother. He had spoken an answer, written an answer, lived an answer, but he had never believed it. He had been waiting to believe it. Now he heard himself saying, for the first time, "No, I can't be sure."

The girl said, "Then you're not going to be a priest. You mustn't be. Why are you so damned afraid to face the truth?"

Charles saw his mother walking heavily along the porch. He studied her as if she were a stranger. What an enormous old woman she was, and how strong she was, and how she had driven him! He took the girl's hand. It was cool and unmoving. He felt the porch floor trembling under his mother's approach.

—BRENDAN GILL

• •

SUPPER

I supped where bloomed the red rose,
  And the bird in the tree
Looked on my sweet white bread and whistled
  Tunes to me.

And a wasp prowled in the golden light,
  My honey all about;
And the martin to her sun-baked nest
  Swept in and out.

I sat so still in the garden
  That wasp and leaf and bird
Seemed as I dreamed the only things
  That had ever stirred.

—WALTER DE LA MARE

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PROFILES

ICE WOMAN

THIS country's supreme authority on matters connected with the refrigeration of perishable foodstuffs is Dr. Mary Engle Pennington, a small, gray-haired Quaker lady only one month this side of her sixty-ninth birthday. Dr. Pennington (the title represents her mastery of chemistry, botany, and zoology, all of them subjects closely allied to her field of work) has had a long and honorable career in the fields of refrigeration and public health. She was the first Chief of the Food Research Laboratory, which was established in 1907 by the Department of Agriculture to help implement the recently passed Pure Food and Drug Act. The first system of milk inspection was worked out by Dr. Pennington, and she developed the techniques still used in the storage and distribution of eggs, poultry, and frozen fish. Dr. Pennington is not much inclined to regard her career as being near its end, either. Now a private consultant for a number of packing houses, shipping firms, and warehouse men, she spends about half her time travelling, covering fifty thousand miles a year; in the course of her journeyings she clambers about the holds of Great Lakes steamers, checks the temperatures of refrigerator cars in transit, and inspects warehouses and what are called egg-breaking factories. Her one concession to femininity is to arrange her itinerary so that she can have her severely parted hair waved once a month by her pet beauty-parlor operator in the Stevens Hotel in Chicago.

The newspapers interview Dr. Pennington every now and then, and the reporters usually attach to her some such phrase as "the woman who knows more than anyone else about iceboxes." This always makes her angry. "Ye gods and little fishes," she says, being a woman who likes to brighten up her scientific vocabulary with live-wire expressions, "I'm an expert in the handling, transportation, and storage of perishables and the application of refrigeration." Actually, there is no less cumbersome name for her profession. If Dr. Pennington never bothered to invent a catchy name for her calling, it is not likely that anybody else will do it, since she carved her own niche and, after thirty-five years in it, is still alone. She isn't a refrigeration engineer, although she is a member of the national refrigeration-engineering society; after she has determined the proper humidity and temperature for a warehouse full of chocolate candy, say, or a shipment of celery, she turns over to a refrigeration engineer the problem of bringing about this humidity and temperature. Usually she is able to give the engineer a number of practical pointers he hadn't known about. If she set up as a refrigeration engineer, her cross-country life would be unbearably complicated by the necessity of acquiring a full set of state licences.

Dr. Mary Engle Pennington

Dr. Pennington's conventional modesty doesn't prevent her from pointing out the importance of refrigeration in our national economy. Fifty years ago, most cities were little islands in a sea of farmland and distribution of foodstuffs wasn't much of a problem. It is true that the meat packers and fruit growers, because they were far away from their potential markets, had begun to experiment with refrigerated transportation, but the bulk of poultry, eggs, and vegetables was simply hauled into the cities from the surrounding farms. Dr. Pennington remembers going to market with her mother, when she was a little girl in Philadelphia, and noticing how the variety of food for sale dwindled as winter approached. Housewives in those days spoke of "cold-storage food" in the tone the contemporary female reserves for mice and moths. Canned food was popularly supposed to be bad for one, and often enough it was. Dr. Pennington likes to point out how long-distance hauling of properly refrigerated food has allowed cities to expand and swallow up the neighboring farmland. Cold storage and quick freezing have done away with the scarcities once peculiar to certain seasons or certain regions. The nation's menu has been stabilized and infinitely brightened up. Lucullus, says Dr. Pennington, couldn't set as good a table as the average American workman of today, who can have strawberries from Ohio, celery from Florida, broilers from Kansas, eggs from the Mississippi basin, beef from Arizona, and fish caught in the waters off Vancouver. In a book called "Eggs" (about eggs), of which she is a co-author, Dr. Pennington used a stately quotation from Alexander Pope. She feels it expresses the aim of refrigeration, which is, of course, *her* aim:

> To take to the poles the products of the sun,
> And knit the unsocial climates into one.

MARY PENNINGTON professes to be a native Philadelphian, in spite of the fact that she was born in Nashville. "I'd never have been born anywhere but Philadelphia if I'd had anything to do with it," she says. Her father, a small, amiable Southerner who was as interested in gardening as in the large label-manufacturing business he ran, moved to Philadelphia soon after his daughter's birth, so that his wife could be near her family, the Engles, who were solid old Pennsylvania Quaker stock. Mary was a sober child, whose favorite reading, at the age of twelve, was a work on medical chemistry. Sitting on the veranda of the family's three-story red-brick house, she whiled away her summer afternoons with the chapter on nitrogen and oxygen. "Suddenly, one day," she remembers, "I realized, lickity hoop, that although I couldn't touch, taste, or smell them they really existed. It was a milestone."

Not long after this, she created a scandal in the young ladies' day school she attended by demanding instruction in chemistry. "I doubt that you can even spell it," the headmistress coldly told her, and this guess proved to be correct. The ambition still burned, though. When Mary returned from boarding school, a finished and ignorant young lady, she found that all the boys she had played with were now at the University of Pennsylvania. One afternoon she walked in on the dean of the university and asked permission to enter the scientific school. This was in the days when a first-hand knowledge of "Caesar's Gallic Wars," let alone science, was supposed to unsex a girl, but the dean took the blow equably. He chewed his mustache in silence for a few moments, then led her to the chemistry laboratory and introduced the new pupil to the professor. Mary's parents were shocked, but eventually adjusted themselves. Mr. Pennington was reassured by the discovery that both the dean and the chemistry professor were fellow thirty-third-degree Masons; also, because he had no son, he rather liked the idea of his daughter's preparing herself for a career.

After spending three years in the study

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of chemistry and biology, Mary Pennington became eligible for the degree of Bachelor of Science, but this was arbitrarily denied her by the board of trustees, who had never liked the idea of a girl's being admitted to the university. The faculty, however, took matters into their own hands and, to get around this technical difficulty, declared her eligible anyway for a Ph.D. by virtue of an old college statute permitting them to do so in extraordinary cases. Miss Pennington was then only eighteen, and one of the conditions that went with this privilege was that she was not to apply for a Ph.D. until she was twenty-one. Actually, she waited until she was twenty-two before she handed in her thesis and got her Ph.D. Two years later she went off to Yale on a fellowship in biological chemistry.

In 1898, Dr. Pennington returned home, her studies completed. With the backing of some four hundred Philadelphia physicians, each of whom promised to give her at least fifty dollars' worth of business a year, she established herself as the Philadelphia Clinical Laboratory, doing bacteriological analyses for the subscribing doctors. This enterprise coasted along prosperously for several years, and Dr. Pennington got such a local reputation that she was offered a municipal job, as head of the city bacteriological laboratory. Like most American cities of the period, Philadelphia was in the throes of a reform wave, and Dr. Pennington tackled the problem of impure milk. She hired a staff of investigators and set them to work on periodic and exacting checkups of all the herds that contributed to the city's milk supply. Today this doesn't sound like much of a job, but it must be borne in mind that Dr. Pennington devised the entire method of checkup, now standard Board of Health practice all over the country. At the same time she began a study of the behavior and preservation of milk at low temperatures. Moreover, though she had no laws to back her up, she managed to get the Philadelphia peddlers of hokeypokey—ice cream sold from pushcarts, mostly to children—to concoct their wares under more sanitary conditions. She did this simply by showing them microscopic slides bearing organisms from their unsanitary hokeypokey. Sincerely horrified, they consented to boil their pots and ladles.

DR. PENNINGTON got into the field of refrigeration in 1905, as the result of a publicity story put out by a group of over-enthusiastic warehouse men. The story, which received wide attention in the press, related that guests at a banquet somewhere or other had been served turkeys put in cold storage ten years before and that the guests not only had survived but had enjoyed their meal. It happened that the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, then Chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, was an old friend of Dr. Pennington's parents. He had followed her handling of the Philadelphia milk situation with admiration, and he now asked her to help him check up on the turkey story, in which, as a vigorous lobbyist for the enactment of the Pure Food Act, he had a special interest. "If there's any truth in this turkey story, I ought to know about it," he told Dr. Pennington.

It should be remembered that we are dealing with remote history; there were no data about the behavior of any perishable foods under refrigeration except Dr. Pennington's own studies of milk. Starting from scratch, she had warehouse men send her samples of dressed poultry accompanied by detailed histories, with dates, of the chickens' progress from the feeding station, where they are fattened up for slaughter, through the killing room, freight car, cold-storage warehouse, and retail market. She established the fact that poultry of good quality would keep for a year at zero, Fahrenheit, though she was not able to pin anyone down on turkeys that had been kept ten years or to discover any good reason for keeping them so long. Ever since, Dr. Pennington has had the greatest respect for any temperature under thirty-two degrees. "At temperatures above freezing," she says, "one is between the Scylla of excessive drying and the Charybdis of mold."

After the Pure Food and Drug Act was passed in 1906, the Bureau of

SMALL FRY

SANDLOT BASEBALL

Out by a mile

Talking it up

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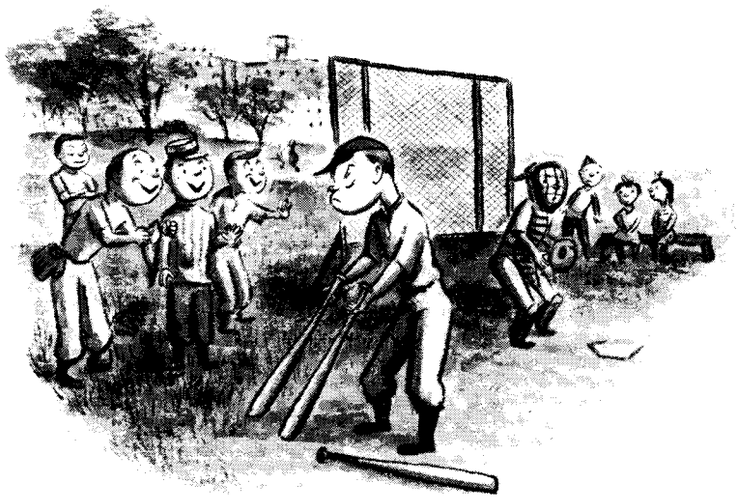
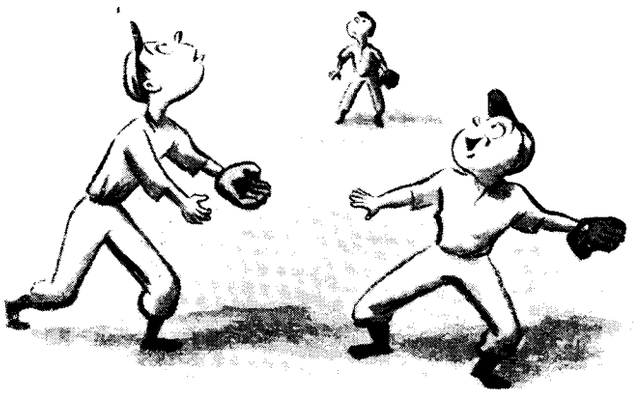


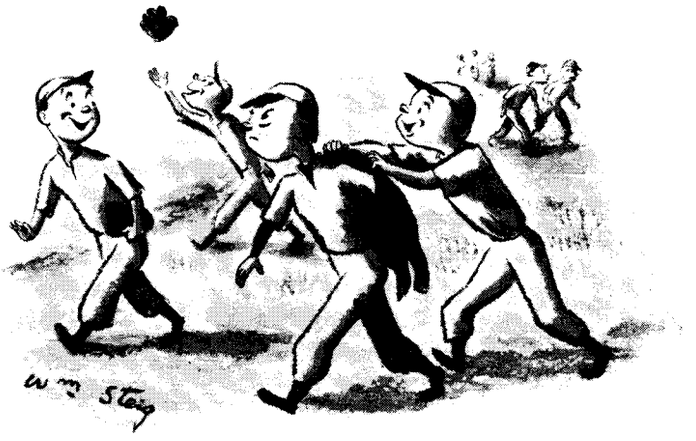
Cleanup man

Wide outshoot



"I got it! I got it!"

"He's a cinch."



Ace pitcher

Chemistry decided to set up the Food Research Laboratory to furnish scientific data for prosecutions under the Act and also to recommend hygienic procedures for food dealers eager to improve their standards as well as avoid prosecution. Without her knowledge, Dr. Wiley had Dr. Pennington enrolled for the Civil Service examination for Chief of the Laboratory. "I was mad as wrath," she remembers. Nevertheless, she took the examination, as "M. E. Pennington," and before the examiners had a chance to find out she was a woman, and to worry about it, she had been awarded the job, established the Laboratory in Philadelphia, hired a stenographer and a research assistant, and set to work improving the technique of handling shipments of poultry. Dr. Wiley tried to persuade her to work in Washington, but she flatly refused, because of her fear that she might get caught up in the administrative and legal side of food legislation, but she did go there every year to present a convincing argument for the necessary appropriations for her work. Rather than lose her, he let her have her way.

One of the techniques most widely used to this day for the slaughter of poultry was worked out by Mary Pennington before the first World War. Swathed in a big apron, her hair covered with a towel, she invaded the abattoirs and slew thousands of chickens with her own hands. Finally she was able to point out that the block-and-axe method was inferior to one of her own devising, in which the fowl's brain is pierced with a small knife and the jugular veins are cut from the inside. For some mysterious physiological reason, this makes plucking easy and leaves the chicken in good shape for travelling and storage. Several states had laws making it illegal to transport undrawn chickens, but Dr. Pennington succeeded in convincing all of them that there was less chance of bacterial inva-

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• • •

sion if the birds remained "sealed packages." She also developed an inexpensive system for removing the animal heat from a bird immediately after slaughter and before "dry-packing" it for shipment. Prior to her time, the customary method was to pack poultry in barrels of chipped ice; the ice usually melted before the journey ended and the poultry arrived in an unwholesome, waterlogged condition. Dr. Pennington sponsored the system of packing poultry dry in boxes and putting the boxes in refrigerated cars. Today, some eight hundred million pounds of poultry, cooled and dry-packed by her method, leave the country's poultry farms each year. Half again that amount is shipped alive, in big cages, mostly for kosher slaughterhouses and shops. Of the kosher laws, Dr. Pennington will only say that the ones dealing with poultry were promulgated in a warm climate, by a people ignorant of refrigeration.

The most spectacular of Dr. Pennington's achievements was cleaning up the egg-breaking industry. Cracked, scarred, or outsize eggs—known in the trade as "dirties"—were then, as now, broken, dried or frozen, and sold to bakers and confectioners. In 1911, Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, spurred by newspaper accounts of unsanitary conditions in egg-breaking factories, announced that he was going to do away with the factories altogether. Dr. Pennington pointed out that if "dirties" became unsalvagable, farmers would lose several million dollars a year; she asked if she could try to induce the factories to reform. She persuaded three Middle-Western plants to install refrigeration, special machinery for breaking "dirties," and conditions of near-surgical asepsis. They were immediately flooded with orders, the other establishments had to fall in line to hold their business, and the egg-breaking industry was saved. Shortly afterward, she tackled the problem of fish preservation. She remembers this as one of her knottiest problems in perishables. "The dirt turns in and eats Mr. Fish," she says. Her solution was a process, standard today, for scaling, skinning, quick-freezing, and dry-packing fish fillets immediately after the fish are caught.

IT is Dr. Pennington's experience that war has a beneficial and stimulating effect on the science of refrigeration. In 1917, when our entry into the first World War threw a heavy load upon the railroads, only three thousand of the forty thousand refrigerator cars in this country had adequate insulation and proper air circulation. Dr. Pennington was the one who announced this bad news, after conducting her own investigation. Using data supplied by her, a conference of railroad men, Dr. Pennington, and another Department of Agriculture official laid down principles of insulation and ventilation for a standard refrigerator car which has changed little in the past twenty-four years. She had gathered these data the hard way, having made in the course of several years some five hundred lengthy train trips, testing the behavior of various perishable cargoes in all sorts of weather, from the 130-degree heat of the Imperial Valley of California to the rigors of a Maine winter. It was while this was going on that some newspaper reporter got the impression that Dr. Pennington rode *in* the refrigerator cars while making these observations, a canard which has persisted ever since and never fails to infuriate her. She always points out that she rode in comfort, in the caboose.

In 1917 and 1918, Dr. Pennington worked, as a sideline, with Herbert Hoover's War Food Administration, in the perishable-products division, which consisted of twenty-seven men and herself. They called themselves, in their gayer moments, "the imperishables." Though she did not serve abroad, she received a Notable Service Medal from Hoover for her work on this side. Food is a big factor in the present war, and she is alarmed by the fact that the Germans not only are far advanced in their knowledge of refrigeration but have acquired all the warehouses built in Occupied France by the Americans during the last war. "The English have to learn that food is like a newspaper," she says crisply. "Good today, no good tomorrow." She means, of course, it's no good unless there's an expert in the application of refrigeration somewhere about.

After the armistice, Dr. Pennington resigned from the Food Research Laboratory and came to New York to head the research department of the American Balsa Company, a firm which manufactured various kinds of insulation. She left the Laboratory in charge of two men whose scientific abilities she trusted; unfortunately, however, she had neglected their political education, and a year later Congress wiped out the Laboratory by refusing it another appropri-

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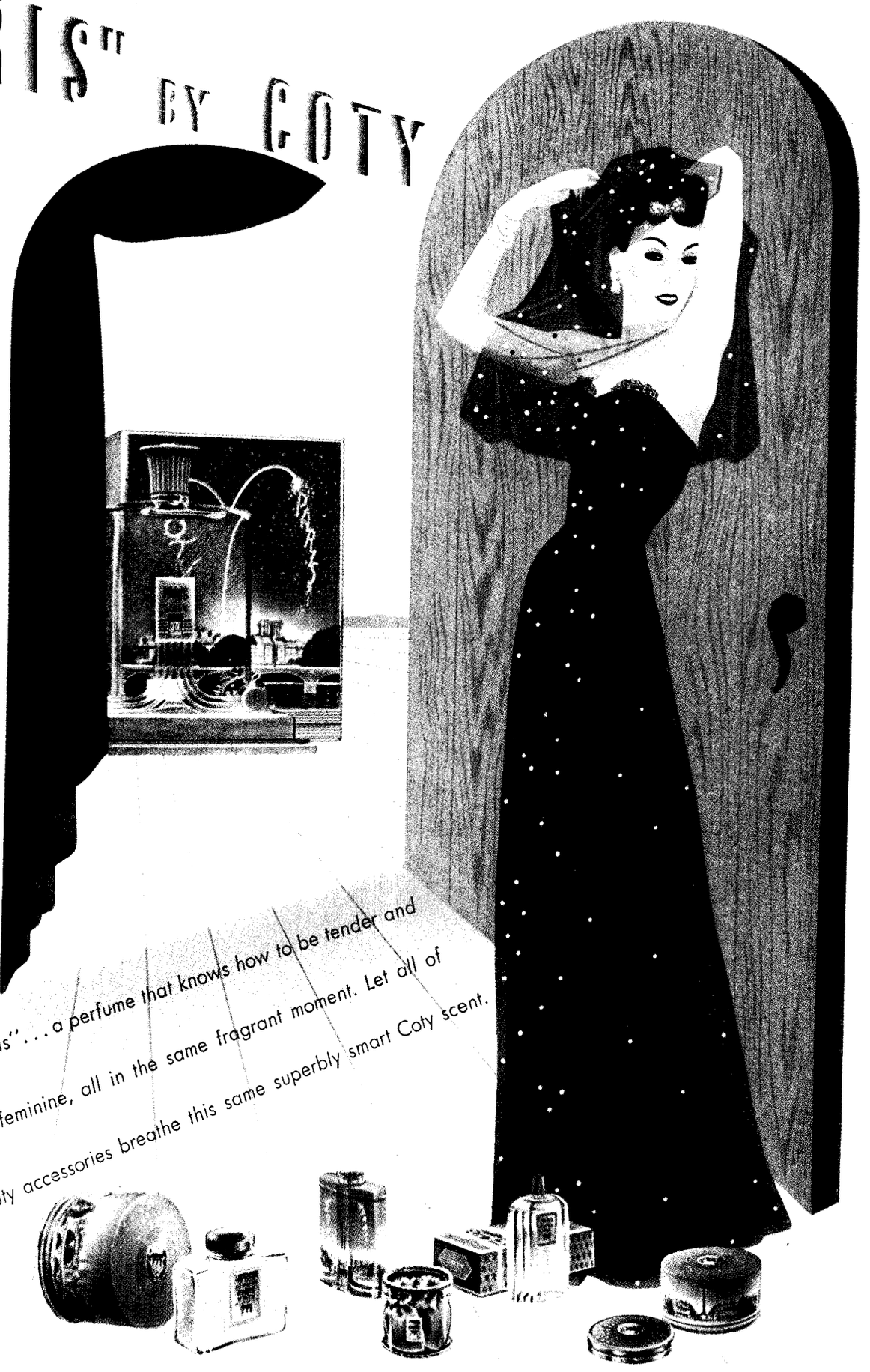
"PARIS" BY COTY



A siren scent is "Paris"... a perfume that knows how to be tender and sparkling, witty and feminine, all in the same fragrant moment. Let all of your charm and beauty accessories breathe this same superbly smart Coty scent.

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In China—people are operated on without ether

SOME of the hardships which the Chinese are going through in their struggle to maintain their freedom are almost unbelievable.

Quite often, for instance, when a person is gravely wounded by a bomb, he has to be operated on without an anaesthetic. There just isn't enough money to buy ether or chloroform. ($10 will buy enough ether or chloroform for 150 surgical operations.)

Because there aren't enough disinfectants to go around, literally thousands die of gangrene and lockjaw. ($20 will buy enough disinfectant for 1000 wounds.)

At any moment, doctors fear that plague or epidemic will break out. This is because living conditions are so bad, and because there isn't enough money to sterilize water supplies. ($50 will immunize 2500 people against typhoid, cholera, or bubonic plague; will sterilize drinking water for 50,000.)

Fifty million people have been driven from their homes. Millions are still homeless—in tragic need of food, clothes, shelter. ($100 will supply food and clothes and a place to live for five refugees for an entire year.)

Early in the war, China lost factories accounting for *90%* of her industrial output. But, instead of giving up, the Chinese slowly retreated to the interior of their country, carrying whole factories—piece by piece—on their backs. There they re-established their industries, continued to fight. Each week more factories, more workshops go up; and China's position grows stronger.

These people who are putting up such a great fight for freedom comprise *one-fifth* of the people in the world. If they are defeated, it will be a grave blow to democracy and to us.

As you know, an Asia, controlled by the dictatorships, could cut the Western Hemisphere off, overnight, from the rubber, tin, manganese, chromium, and other military supplies now received from the Far East.

And if a fascist state is set up in China, the resources of this huge country will be developed on a slave-labor basis. Goods will be produced and thrown on the world market at prices with which goods produced under a democratic system, like ours, cannot compete.

Our government is now sending China military equipment. But if China's magnificent morale is to be kept up, she needs more than *planes* and *guns*.

She needs rice to fill her hungry stomachs. She needs medicine for her sick and wounded. She needs clothes and shelter for her homeless. And perhaps most of all, the Chinese need to know that we, the *people* of America, are her friends.

In China, as the figures we have cited show you, dollars will do *many, many times* what they will here. Nowhere else in the world, in fact, can they do so much to relieve suffering and help democracy.

If what we have said makes *you* want to give something to China, don't plan to do it tomorrow or next day—then forget. Do it now. Do it this very minute. *Please!*

United China Relief, Inc. N.Y.
1790 Broadway
New York City

I want to help China. I am sending $..... to you for United China Relief.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Note: The nine principal organizations previously working for Chinese relief are now combined in United China Relief, Inc. Make checks payable to Artemus L. Gates, Treasurer United China Relief, Inc.

Give to China!

GIVE ALL YOU CAN GIVE—NOW!

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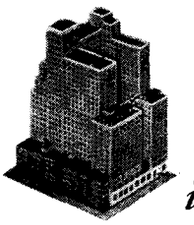
ation. "It was an awful thing to do," she says. Since then there has been no government bureau to aid in interpreting the laws, or to provide practical advice, on poultry and eggs. At a recent convention of poultrymen, assembled to discuss their problems, a professor of poultry husbandry pointed at Dr. Pennington, who was present, and said solemnly, "If the Food Research Laboratory had not been put out of existence, it would not be necessary for us to be here today." In refrigeration circles it has often been said that Dr. Pennington's liaison work between the government, railway companies, manufacturers, shippers, cold-storage people, and consumers had much to do with the rapid development of refrigeration facilities in this country. Railway and warehouse men who know her from her days as a severe but somehow charming government official still refer to her by the nickname they gave her then, "Auntie Sam." One cold-storage man, carried away by admiration, recently called her "the voice of conscience in the refrigerating world."

To fill the gap created by the closing of the Laboratory, Dr. Pennington in 1922 decided to hang out her shingle as a consultant. Since 1936, she has had an office in the Woolworth Building. Her only assistant is a secretary. She runs her business as most consultants do, taking retainers from steady clients and doing specific jobs for a fixed fee for others. One of her first big jobs was to be a sort of publicity director for the National Association of Ice Industries. She persuaded Columbia, Purdue, and Chicago Universities to add to their curricula courses in household refrigeration; then, because there was no suitable textbook, she dashed off thirteen pamphlets, written in the popular idiom and bearing such titles as "Journeys with Refrigerated Food" and "The Romance of Ice." A million and a half of these booklets were distributed in one year.

THE present war gives Dr. Pennington plenty to think about. Some insulating materials, for instance, are affected by priorities, and she has to find substitutes. Food is being shipped abroad in enormous quantities. Dr. Pennington is in the thick of things. Whenever she is on one of her frequent business trips, she is likely to be sitting in her hotel dining room, waiting for her breakfast, when the first sleepy waiter appears; by the time most men are at their offices, she has done a full morning's work. "We Engles are always over-energized," she explains.

Dr. Pennington's New York residence contains Early American furniture, family portraits, and a sampler or two, and might be any comfortable country house outside Philadelphia, except for the fact that it is a penthouse on Riverside Drive. She has an excellent cook named Ophelia, who presides over an all-electric kitchen, and a Persian cat named Bonny. On her terrace grow old-fashioned flowers—petunias, pansies, water lilies. "I call anything a vice that you do when you should be working," she says. "Gardening is mine." Her daytime costume is usually a prim but feminine Quaker-gray silk dress, with conservative accessories. On evenings at home she relaxes in a sweeping, brilliant purple housecoat. Sitting on her Victorian sofa, she sometimes tats and occasionally reads. In her infrequent literary excursions outside her own field of work, she favors modern political comment, like Churchill's "Blood, Sweat, and Tears." She rarely goes to the theatre or the movies. Movies, she says, employing a favorite expression of hers, "aren't worth shucks." Sundays she attends services at the Friends' Meeting House on East Fifteenth Street. On vacations she finds time en route to write a "round-robin" account of her travels, which is passed around among her immediate relatives—her sister, her nephew and niece, and four grandnieces —and always starts off "Dear People." Her account of a trip to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, on which her doctor sent her last winter for a rest, might have been written by a literarily inclined lady without a business care in the world: "The unusual little town of Christiansted was all sunshiny . . . the public library is on the second floor of a house facing the plaza. . . ." Actually, while in Puerto Rico, she spent most of her time lecturing Puerto Rican businessmen and bankers on the social and financial benefits that would follow the installation of modern refrigeration.

At Dr. Pennington's table, you may be sure, a minimum of fresh or canned food is served. She says that she enjoys eating, as well as refrigerating, food; she pays a good deal of attention to her kitchen, which is in the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition with overtones of Birds Eye. Her fruit, vegetables, fish, and fowl are usually bought frozen, whatever the season. Often she serves filet of sole, frozen according to the principles



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ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
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AIR-CONDITIONED
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A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
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she herself laid down. Ordinarily the canned goods in her pantry are limited to sardines and baked beans. For dessert she serves ice cream more often than anything else. She does not think that the ideal egg is necessarily one that is newly laid. She would much prefer, for example, an egg that was laid six months before and kept in cold storage to one that was still warm from the hen. "You wouldn't want to eat a freshly slaughtered steer, would you?" she asks her friends sharply.

—BARBARA HEGGIE

[EDITORS' NOTE: In an article on Roy W. Howard which recently appeared in our "Profiles" department, the statement was made that William Philip Simms is foreign editor of the United Press. It has been pointed out to us that this was a misstatement. He is foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. In the same article it was incorrectly stated that Mr. Howard used a United Press wire to transmit to his editors instructions regarding a political cartoon. We have been asked to state that this message was sent over a private Scripps-Howard wire.]

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FAHRENHEIT GESUNDHEIT

Nothing is glummer
Than a cold in the summer.
A summer cold
Is to have and to hold.
A cough in the fall
Is nothing at all,
A winter snuffle
Is lost in the shuffle,
And April sneezes
Put leaves on the treeses,
But a summer cold
Is to have and to hold.
Though golf course and beach
Slip beyond your reach,
By a fate grotesque
You can get to your desk,
And there is no rescue
From this germ grotesque.
You can feel it coming
In your nasal plumbing,
But there is no plumber
For a cold in the summer.
Nostrilly, tonsilly,
It prowls irresponsilly;
In your personal firmament
Its abode is permament.
Oh, would it were curable
Rather than durable;
Were it Göring's or Himmler's,
Or somebody simlar's!
Oh, Darlan, were it thine!
But it isn't, it's mine.
A summer cold
Is to have and to hold.

—OGDEN NASH

MOTION PICTURES
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Held Over Third Week
BETTE DAVIS
in Samuel Goldwyn's
"THE LITTLE FOXES"
From Lillian Hellman's stage success
Directed by William Wyler
Gala Stage Revue Symphony Orchestra
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

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FRANKLY IS THE WORD FOR BEATRICE

RADIO publicity turned the corner a couple of months ago. I base this statement on an interview granted the New York *Post* by Miss Beatrice Kay, who sings for the Columbia Broadcasting System in something called a Gay 90's program. I have thought about the interview for two months, and it is now my reasoned judgment that radio publicity has turned the corner.

In the pre-Kay era just ended, publicity about radio performers followed a tradition established by the stage and the movies and presented the subject in a glamorous or benevolent light. It was "good publicity," for example, to have it noised about that such-and-such a tenor was fond of his wife and children or that he had celebrated the signing of an advantageous contract by buying his old mother a house in the country. Now, however—well, I still have that clipping from the *Post:*

Anyway [the interviewer says], it's a mistake to think when you're listening to Bea Kay do those Gay 90's songs that she's an old-fashioned girl. Recently she had to get back to New York from Jamestown, where she had been appearing, to do a radio rehearsal. The air line wanted to put her on a local plane which would require that she make transfers.

"Listen," she announced. "Kay's on, and not getting off till she gets to New York. She's getting in her little seat, and she doesn't want to be disturbed. If she is put off, she'll have to be taken in an ambulance to the nearest hospital, where she'll suffer a nervous breakdown, and then file suit."

Miss Kay rolled up and went to sleep, and the next thing she knew she was in New York.

"I understand two people had to be left behind somewhere," she said, "but frankly I didn't care about them. They didn't have a radio broadcast, and I was an hour late as it was."

FRANKLY, Miss Kay, you have expressed something that all of us have *felt* but have never found words for. Those tiresome little people one sees hovering about in the waiting rooms of airports, looking at their watches, consulting timetables, and sending telegrams—they *don't* have radio broadcasts, do they? You've summed them up so deliciously. Do you know Noel Coward, Miss Kay? May I call you Bea? Will you have lunch with me tomorrow at the Astor?

Bet you've been so busy with your Gay 90's program that you didn't know you had provided the smart East Side café set with its latest catch phrase. But really! Lately, in referring to an unimportant or boring person, we say, "*He* hasn't got a radio broadcast." Where you would say, "Twenty-three skiddoo" or "Go way back and sit down," we say, "You haven't got a radio broadcast," sometimes adding, "So frankly, I don't care about you."

If you happen to hear any rumors of a tiff between that air line and the Interstate Commerce Commission—some silly fuss over posted schedules and charters—don't bother your no doubt pretty head about it. It wouldn't be the first time a girl had broken up an old friendship, would it? And after all, neither the air line nor the Interstate Commerce Commission has a radio broadcast.

The penalty of originality like yours, dear, is the imitators who seize on a good thing. It's my prediction that before the year is out everybody involved in stage, screen, or radio work is going to be insisting on loathsome publicity stories. And since press agents feel that they aren't earning their fees unless they "top" the latest efforts of their rivals, this is going to lead to some vivid writing, thus:

Harmon Swarmley, golden-voiced tenor of the Crunchies program, had to shoot his way out of a hotel room on West Twenty-third Street early yesterday morning, when he was caught trying to introduce a pair of loaded dice into a crap game.

Karel Kczovc, Continental actor now bound for Hollywood, claims to be the real Düsseldorf murderer. "Zis man zey have execute, he ees beeg phony," says Karel.

Tilden Whinny, blond star now being groomed to appear opposite Ann Sheridan, likes to ring doorbells and run.

Grayce Grudgely, soon to be seen on Broadway in the revival of the revival of "Charley's Aunt," is putting a promising young man through Yale. She first met him when he was a bellboy in a well-known midtown hotel. "The little bastard got the goods on me, but good," Grayce says, showing the famous Grudgely dimple.

BUT I see that my time is getting short. Before I sign off, a personal message, Miss Kay: Frankly, I care about you, dear. After all, you do have a radio broadcast. Nighty-night, now, and don't forget to have this weighed with the rest of your fan mail.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

Mr. Profit was educated abroad and graduated at Harvard.—*The Herald Tribune.*

And presumably enjoys a nuance as well as the next educated man.

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE TOMBS—II

From Harper's Weekly, 1871

A PRISON VAN ARRIVES AT THE TOMBS

IN a corner of the men's washroom in the sheriff's office in the Hall of Records on Chambers Street, visitors are likely to notice a peculiar, dusty little stand, something like a rack for croquet mallets. In it are thirteen staves carved like banister rails. They have gilded spear tips, and wrapped around the middle of each stave is a strip of worn red velvet. Most of the sheriff's staff don't know what the staves are, or how they became a part of the office, but old-timers know and keep muttering that they ought to be in a museum. The same could be said for an old sword that hangs in a tarnished scabbard on the wall in the sheriff's office. The sword and the staves are relics of the first Tombs, which stood on Centre Street from 1838 to 1897. Since the last Tombs hanging took place in 1889, no one was ever hanged, except by himself, in the second Tombs, which went up in 1902 and is now about to be put in the hands of the wreckers. Public hangings were one of the chores of the sheriff of New York County. City holidays were proclaimed for them, and on these occasions the sheriff carried the sword and his deputies, usually forty in number, brought up behind him with the staves, holding them by the red velvet grips. These formalities were a hangover from medieval days, but the New York City Common Council never bothered to do away with them, probably on the theory that the sheriff and his halberdiers, mostly Tammany ward-heelers, seemed to buck up condemned men as they were escorted to the Tombs gibbet. It was good theatre, too.

The most important man at the executions was the Tombs hangman, and the most famous executioner of all was Joseph—Little Joe, prisoners called him—Atkinson, a Brooklyn carpenter who began his gruesome career in 1852. He hanged forty of the fifty murderers who died in the Tombs yard. "I kind of eased into this business," he used to say modestly. "I guess I just had the knack." Atkinson learned the rudiments of his trade when a man named George Isaacs was city executioner. Isaacs came to Atkinson's carpenter shop in Brooklyn one day to have some gallows timbers cut and persuaded Atkinson to rig the scaffold for a few executions. Later Isaacs taught Atkinson the technique of tying a hangman's knot. Little Joe succeeded Isaacs when Isaacs died toward the end of 1852. His first assignment was a double-header, a matter of pride with him to the end of his career. On January 28, 1853, he finished off William Saul and Nicholas Howlett, two river thieves who had killed a watchman on the schooner William Watson, off James Slip. Three hundred persons saw this hanging, including such personages as the pugilists Tom Hyer and Bill Poole. "I done perfect," Atkinson would say happily to his friends when he recalled the event. He had only one other hanging in 1853, only one in 1854, and no more until 1857. "Business was dull them years," he later remarked.

Little Joe was in the hanging business thirty-six years, including his period of apprenticeship. He did a job on Albert Hicks, the pirate, which was never surpassed for color. Hicks was a federal prisoner and had to be hanged on federal property, so Bedloe's Island was chosen. Early on the morning of Friday, July 13, 1860—about twenty-five years before the Statue of Liberty was put up there—Hicks, Little Joe, the sheriff, the forty deputies, and about fifteen hundred of the city's prominent citizens set out from the foot of Canal Street in the steamer Red Jacket. It was a pleasant day and someone proposed that the party first go up the river a bit for a look at the steamship Great Eastern, which was at anchor off West Eleventh Street. Both Hicks and Little Joe were asked if they minded. Any delay, it seems, was all right with Hicks. The Red Jacket accordingly set off on the side trip. When, two hours later, Little Joe went to work on Hicks, more than ten thousand persons watched him. They dotted the harbor in all manner of craft. Concessionaires on awning-covered barges sold great quantities of cold pop and lager. Atkinson never had so large an audience again. He considered this hanging one of the high spots of his career.

Atkinson always regretted that he didn't get Edward S. Stokes, who, on January 6, 1872, shot and killed the millionaire Colonel Jim Fisk on the grand staircase of what is now the Broadway Central Hotel. This was the classiest killing of the period and Joe confided to friends that he was figuring on something special for Stokes. He grew worried when word got around that the Ninth Regiment, which Colonel Fisk had commanded, was marching on the Tombs to take Stokes out and lynch him. Police Chief Kelso threw five hundred men around the prison, but the Ninth never showed up. Stokes was tried three times; finally he got four years for manslaughter.

Atkinson thought that his masterpiece was a quadruple hanging in the Tombs yard on August 23, 1888. His professional pride had been hurt, however, when Warden Osborne called on Jake Van Hise, who did hangings in Newark, to stand by. Atkinson indignantly sat the rival hangman on the sidelines, rigged a double scaffold with the help of his son and some Bowery idlers, and announced that he was ready. The victims were Patrick Pakenham, who had slit his wife's throat with a razor; Ferdinand Carolin, who had killed a lady of his acquaintance with a hatchet; Black Jack Lewis, a Negro who had shot and killed another lady; and James Nolan, who had shot and killed a third lady. A few minutes before being hanged, Carolin, who was a carpenter, embarrassed Little Joe. He stopped at the foot of the scaffold, took hold of the timbers, and shook them. "Wobbly," he commented. "I could do a better job." Lewis and Carolin

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went first, then Pakenham and Nolan. "The hangman did his work well," the *Times* said next day. "There was no bungling."

The last man hanged in the Tombs was Harry Carlton, an East Side rowdy who killed a policeman in a beery free-for-all on Third Avenue. He went to the scaffold the morning of December 5, 1889. "Atkinson," one of the papers reported, "was quite jolly. He sized up Carlton as a man who would swing easily." Next morning Atkinson went to the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn, where he did away with an obscure murderer named John Greenwald. This was the last hanging in New York City.

In January, 1890, the machine age caught up with Little Joe; the electric chair replaced the gallows and the State took over all executions. The first man ever to die in the electric chair was William Kemmler, who killed Tillie Ziegler with an axe in Buffalo. He was put to death by means of the new device at Auburn Prison on August 6, 1890. Little Joe bravely sneered when he heard about this. "It's a novelty," he assured reporters. "It won't last." He glumly retired after the first few experimental electric-chair jobs, which were done by an up-to-date executioner with a feeling for electricity, had turned out all right. Several years later, when Little Joe was moving from his home on Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, one of the moving men dropped a wooden chest he was lugging to the van. The cover flew open and Little Joe's neighbors were startled to see a lot of black hoods spill out on the street. These were the caps worn by condemned men at their executions. There were also a few nooses and a piece of the Tombs gallows crossbeam. Little Joe had kept them out of sentiment.

FEW of the thousands of criminals who passed through the Tombs in its early years were distinguished. Murderers were predominantly of the axe and bludgeon types and lacked subtlety. A number of women were brought to the Tombs on murder charges, but early nineteenth-century jurors, like today's crop, were squeamish when it came to convicting women. No woman was ever hanged in the Tombs yard, though outspoken journals of the eighteen-forties insisted that some of them should have been. Mary Bodine, an acid-tongued hussy of Staten Island, for example, celebrated Christmas Eve of 1843 by taking a hatchet to Emeline Houseman, an oysterman's wife, and to

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Mrs. Houseman's infant child. She was tried for the crimes, but, in spite of what seemed overwhelming evidence against her, was set free. Having spent some uncomfortable weeks in the Tombs, she sat down and wrote a sharp note to the city officials demanding a rebate on the money she had put out for painting and wallpapering her cell.

One of the most notorious women inmates of the Tombs in its first few years was a Mrs. Weatherwax, alias Madame Costello. Mrs. Weatherwax was an abortionist; a "surgical assassin," the newspapers called her. Like Mary Bodine, Mrs. Weatherwax had her cell done up with feminine frippery—red carpet, wallpaper, and lace curtains—and had all her food sent in. She was eventually sent to Blackwell's Island to pick oakum. It was Mrs. Weatherwax who was popularly supposed to be the murderer of Mary Rogers, a pretty clerk in a Broadway tobacco shop. The body of Miss Rogers, who waited on such customers as Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Edgar Allan Poe, was found in the North River late in July of 1841. The cause of her death was never fixed, though amateur detectives as well as the police worked hard on the case. Even Poe took a crack at it, in his "Mystery of Marie Roget."

No other murderer, probably, lent as much cachet to the Tombs as did Lee Ah Bow, its first Chinese prisoner. In the summer of 1840, two years after the Tombs went up, the Chinese junk Ki Ying, run by its English owners as a kind of showboat, anchored in the East River. The citizens, most of whom had never seen a Chinese, paid to come aboard and watch Chinese artisans at work in stalls below decks. The junk burned one night and the promoters disappeared. The stranded artisans settled on Mott Street, between Chatham and Pell, and so started New York's Chinatown. The Chinese are a quiet, philosophical lot, who seem to produce astonishingly few criminals. When they do turn one out, though, he is likely to be something extraordinary, like Lee Ah Bow, who somehow got into the police records as Quimby Appo, probably because the New York cops were as weak on names then as they are now. Careless historians have written that he was the first Chinese in New York, but he was not. He came to the city's Chinatown at least seven years after the Ki Ying colony arrived. He was brought to the West Coast by American slavers who worked the Chinese ports for laborers to sell in towns that sprang up in California after the gold rush began.

Lee was a small, brown man with enormous arms and a short temper. He served four terms in the Tombs for murder and did several other stretches for assault with intent to kill. The guards seemed to tolerate his nasty moods because he was something of a freak, an oddity to show important visitors. The missionary ladies all but pulled one another apart in their eagerness to convert Lee Ah Bow to whatever faith they represented, and he didn't seem to mind so long as they left him presents. He was quite willing to swing from one religion to another for as small a temptation as a roast chicken or a good cigar.

On March 9, 1859, Lee Ah Bow entered his flat at 49 Oliver Street from the cold, raw outdoors somewhat out of sorts. Catherine Fitzpatrick, with whom he lived, was suffering from a bad case of beer hiccoughs and was late with dinner. In the midst of the ensuing argument she pushed the choleric little man up against the hot stove. He bit her, and she hollered for help. Mary Fletcher, a neighbor, rushed into the kitchen. Lee Ah Bow stabbed Miss Fletcher to the heart with a dirk. As he tried to escape down the stairs, another neighbor, a Mrs. Gaffney, blocked him on the stairs by turning her broad back. This was a mistake. Lee Ah Bow planted the dirk, not fatally, in Mrs. Gaffney, and proceeded down the stairs. Eventually he was caught and sentenced to be hanged in the Tombs yard. The missionaries got the sentence commuted, and he was released after he had served seven years.

A few weeks later, he stabbed a Miss Lizzie Williams, a Bowery landlady with whom he was boarding, but again the missionaries got him a good lawyer and he was released. In 1872, in an alcoholic pet, Lee dug a cobblestone out of a street and caved in the head of a laboring man named John Linkowski. Linkowski died. Lee Ah Bow did three years for this performance. By now the newspapers called him "Devil Appo" and "Chinese Devilman," but the lady missionaries refused to believe they couldn't make a good Christian of the fierce little man. Often Lee would throw himself on the floor of his cell, gnash his teeth, and try to bite the hands of trusties who shoved his stew through the bars, but the ladies were not discouraged.

In 1875, Lee Ah Bow took a dirk to Cork Mag, a Bowery Jezebel, but no one paid much attention to the incident. Cork Mag pulled out of it all right. On the night of October 21, 1876, Lee, who fancied himself as a draughts player, lost a game to a derelict named John Kelly in the Howe Lodging House at 192 Chatham Street. The Devilman's pride was hurt, and, in an effort to salve it, he resorted to the dirk again. Kelly died in a few minutes of multiple stab wounds. The police caught up with Lee and once again he was home in the Tombs. Coroner Woltman, at this point, got tired of Lee Ah Bow's fatal moodiness. He suggested that the small Chinaman's mind might be unbalanced. This was Lee Ah Bow's last stay in the Tombs. Soon he took up permanent residence at Matteawan, the state prison for the insane. The records of this institution note his growing hallucinations, which were usually poetic. When the Hudson River night boat steamed up the river, playing its searchlight, Lee Ah Bow would beat the bars of his cell with his hands and scream, "Here comes my diamond." "He believes," says one asylum report, "that he has grand hotels, palaces, servants, and horses outside the asylum; that he is King of the World and Omnipotent; the Second God; commands the Wind and the Sun; that Tom Sharkey and General Coxey are his military staff and that he must suffer for Ireland." The doctors figured that Lee Ah Bow was around ninety-eight years old when he died on June 23, 1912. He was buried in the asylum grounds.

THE Tombs had some odd tenants in the latter part of the nineteenth century. One of these was Ameer Ben Ali, a short, sooty Algerian with large eyes and a woolly black beard who was picked up for the murder of Carrie Brown, a waterfront slattern known to nautical customers, for no apparent reason, as Old Shakespeare. Old Shakespeare was found dead the morning of April 24, 1891, in the East River Hotel, a mariners' hangout. She had been untidily mutilated, somewhat after the manner of Jack the Ripper's victims in the Whitechapel district of London. Because the Ripper was still a lively topic, the Old Shakespeare case excited great

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interest. Ben Ali, who was jugged in the Tombs while he awaited trial, was convicted of murder in the second degree and sent to Sing Sing. Thomas Byrnes, Superintendent of Police at the time, kept hinting that the Algerian had been in London when some of the Ripper murders were committed and that he probably *was* Jack the Ripper. Romantic Tombs guards were inclined to believe this. "See that cell?" they would tell visitors, after Ben Ali had been shipped out. "That's where we had Jack the Ripper." Visitors were always deeply impressed.

Another odd fish in the Tombs was George Francis Train, a wealthy, long-haired, publicity-loving old duffer who wrote pamphlets and made speeches defending the naughty Claflin sisters, Vickie and Tennie, in the eighteen-seventies. These sprightly ladies startled the town with their advanced views on sex and the marriage tie, and after publishing a pamphlet attacking the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn landed in the Ludlow Street jail on a charge of libel. Train made a soapbox speech on Wall Street, taking the side of the Claflins against Beecher. Anthony Comstock, who was Virtue's right arm at the time, set out after Train and, to Train's supreme delight, had him thrown into the Tombs on a charge of public indecency. "Take me to the Bastille!" Train shouted contentedly when the cops came. "Away with me to the donjon!"

As time went on and Train's case did not come to trial, the warden and the guards got weary of their tenant's incessant oratory. They took him from his moderately comfortable cell and tried to freeze his martyr complex in a cold one, but Train wrapped himself in a travelling rug and grew even noisier. "I'll raise hell in this Egyptian sepulchre!" he yelled repeatedly. His harangues kept other prisoners awake. At last the warden tried to coax him to leave the Tombs on bail, but he indignantly refused. The guards then hustled him to Murderers' Row. They had an idea that this might frighten him, but the move was merely tartar steak to Train. He organized the Murderers' Club, with himself as president, and laughed boisterously whenever the newspapers mentioned the organization. Finally, the warden moved him into solitary confinement, where there was no one within earshot of his magniloquent speeches. It turned out that Train could stand anything but isolation. He arranged for bail and moved out of the Tombs to his mansion on Murray Hill, mumbling that

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he had been done out of what he called "my mission." The courts soon freed him, and he went to Paris to become an expatriate.

MANY Tombs tenants didn't feel about prison the way George Francis Train did; they were forever figuring ways to break out. Some fifty of them have succeeded between 1838 and the present, but they have been chiefly criminal small fry and ordinarily no great fuss has been made. John Mahony, a rather indifferent thief but an artist at jail-breaking, established the record for getting out of the Tombs. He escaped four times, by picking locks and other methods. He made his first break in 1860, when he was sixteen years old and apprenticed to Italian Dave, a kind of Neapolitan Fagin; his last was in 1880. He made a career of jail-breaking, in fact; he found his way out of Sing Sing, Rikers Island Penitentiary, an Army guardhouse on the Potomac, a jail in Washington, D. C., and Police Headquarters in Philadelphia. He also once got away from his guards on a moving train upstate. When news of Mahony's fourth escape from the Tombs got around among the prisoners, they cheered. Mahony wasn't so good, though, at keeping out, once he got out. He died, eventually, in Clinton Prison at Dannemora.

The most important prisoner to escape from the first Tombs was William J. Sharkey, a foppish fellow who graduated from pocket-picking to a district leadership under Tweed. During an argument in The Place, a Hudson Street grog shop, where he had stopped on Sunday afternoon, September 1, 1872, on his way home from a politician's funeral, Sharkey shot and killed Bob Dunn, a political crony who dealt faro in a West Side saloon and worked on the side in the City Comptroller's office. Sharkey was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged in the Tombs on August 15th of the following year. What with appeals and other legalistic stalling, he was still in Murderers' Row on the morning of November 23, 1873.

He had two visitors that day—Maggie Jourdan, a lady he had known some years, and Mrs. Wesley Allen, the wife of a West Side burglar. One by one, late that afternoon, the Tombs visitors, none of whom could leave without giving up his visitor's ticket, departed. Maggie Jourdan was among them. Mrs. Allen turned up at the gate after all the others had checked out and every ticket had been accounted for. She said that she must have lost hers. Guards hastily searched the cells. In Sharkey's—No. 40 in Murderers' Row—they found the politician's clothes and, on a shelf, the remains of his black mustache, creamy with lather. One of the keepers belatedly remembered that a rather queer-looking figure had gone out—a woman wearing an Alpine hat, a heavy green veil, a black wool dress, and a thick black cloak. This, it was discovered, was Sharkey. He later turned up in Ireland, where he lived the rest of his life. The cops couldn't pin anything on Mrs. Allen and, although Maggie Jourdan was brought to trial on a charge of aiding the escape, the jury wouldn't convict her. Four Tombs keepers, however, were discharged for their carelessness.

SOON after the first Tombs, which stood on the oozy bed of the filled-in Collect Pond, had opened in 1838, it began to sink, inch by inch, into the mud. There were rumors, especially among prisoners, that the building was about to collapse altogether. As the years went by, the place sank deeper. One day in the late fifties, a drunken guard started a near riot when he told the warden he saw a window jigging up and down. No new cracks or seams in the building were discovered and nothing came of the scare. The Tombs, however, was roundly and monotonously damned year after year, by official committees and prison reformers. Ex-Mayor John T. Hoffman, in a public-spirited message to the Common Council in July, 1872, demanded its removal. "For the seventh time," he told the indifferent City Fathers, "the Mayor calls attention to the building called, in law, the City Prison, but most appropriately known as the Tombs. It is a cause of disgrace, not only to the City and to the American nation, but to the whole world." The usual Council committee was appointed to investigate. It reported, in effect, that Hoffman was an alarmist and that the Tombs, with a bit of patching, could stand another fifty years without crumbling, like the House of Usher, into the miasmal fill.

More than 500,000 men and women prisoners passed through the first Tombs before the city got around to ordering it torn down, in 1897. One day in February, just before the demolition began, Lillian Russell made a charitable visit to the place with Mrs. Beekman de Peyster

of the Prison Guild. Miss Russell wore Persian lamb trimmed with ermine, a small bonnet of primroses and feathers, and a profusion of lace and violets. Her perfume left Murderers' Row giddy, but the unfortunates in the women's pen shrilly criticized her getup. Miss Russell sang several numbers for the inmates, who applauded by hammering the bars with tin basins.

The second Tombs, which was erected on the same site, did not formally open until September 29, 1902. Actually, the building was opened in sections, so it was possible to transfer the prisoners gradually as the old building came down. At the dedication of the new Tombs, the City Fathers said almost exactly what the Common Council had said sixty-five years before—that a new day was dawning. The second Tombs, like the first, disobligingly started to bog down in the subterranean Collect Pond almost immediately, and plumbers, masons, and carpenters were kept busy repairing cracks caused by the constant settling of the foundations.

As the first Tombs was making way for the second, the most celebrated prisoner was Roland Burnham Molineux, man-about-town and son of General Molineux, a Civil War Army officer. He was accused of having sent, at Christmastime in 1898, a gift of some cyanide of mercury, labelled Bromo-Seltzer, in a silver container to a man with whom he had quarrelled, Harry Cornish, athletic director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. The cyanide killed Mrs. Katherine Adams, the physical director's housekeeper, and made Cornish violently but not fatally ill. After a short stay in the Tombs, Molineux was convicted of murder and sent to the Sing Sing death house, but he was later re-tried and turned loose. He died in a madhouse. Molineux, a literary fellow, wrote extensively about his prison experiences. He did one piece on old John Curran, unofficial sightseers' guide in the Tombs through the seventies, eighties, and nineties, who glibly made up many legends about the jail and the prisoners. From fees for the tours and the sale of what he claimed were "pieces from the gallows on which fifty were hanged," Curran piled up a modest fortune. Actually, the samples came from any lumber Curran could find. Molineux once related that he heard Curran tell visitors that a distinguished-looking minister they saw in the corridor of Murderers' Row had just thrown his mother-in-law out of a third-story window in a fit of unchristian temper. The dominie was one of the city's most

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esteemed, and mildest, churchmen. He was Molineux's spiritual adviser.

Curran vanished after the second Tombs opened. No one ever saw or heard of him again. There were vague rumors that he had bought a farm in some remote spot in Maine and that he had died there. His offices were taken over by Billy Gallagher, an untutored understudy who had been a sort of messenger around the Tombs. Gallagher knew most of Curran's patter by heart, but he wasn't the inventive type. He kept on selling bogus bits of gallows and drank up everything he earned. He was found dead of gas poisoning at the age of eighty-six, on the morning of December 16, 1927, in a grimy room in one of the ancient brick houses on Centre Street, across the way from the Tombs.

Another character around the second Tombs in the early years of the century was Freddy the Waiter. He ran beer and water to the cells, and brought in special food and carried messages for prisoners. He had no official standing, but he did quite well on tips. He also had another sideline. He was a peddler of talismans. Whenever a new murderer was brought in, Freddy the Waiter subtly high-pressured him into buying a rabbit's foot from a rabbit guaranteed killed in a graveyard in the dark of the moon. His customers included Harry K. Thaw, Lieutenant Becker, and the four gunmen who were hired by Becker to murder Herman Rosenthal. Lieutenant Becker and the four gunmen died in the electric chair, as most of Freddy the Waiter's patrons did, but this didn't seem to hurt sales. They were steady up to the day fifteen years ago when Freddy, like old John Curran, quietly vanished from the Tombs.

There existed, around 1910, a journalistic weakness for applying the term "angel" to any woman engaged in welfare work in the Tombs, but only two women seem to have worked hard or earnestly enough to deserve the rating. One was Mary Xavier McCaffrey, a Sister of Mercy, whose brother was a member of the district attorney's staff. One man in Murderers' Row was said to have constantly cursed at Sister Xavier when she visited him. She serenely persevered with him, however, and one day dug up a witness who won him a new trial and saved him from the electric chair. Sister Xavier died in 1923.

The other woman was Rebecca Salome Foster, the widow of a Civil War general. Even District Attorney William Travers Jerome, who was no sentimentalist, called her a saint, and a plaque was erected in the Tombs to her memory after she was burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Park Avenue Hotel in February, 1902. Among the mourners were Marie Barberi, who had done time in the Criminal Courts Building for murdering a faithless lover; George Appo, son of the Tombs' first Chinese prisoner, Devil Appo; and an assemblage of dissolute women Mrs. Foster had befriended in the jail.

THE second Tombs, formidable as it looked from the outside, was as vulnerable to breaks as the first. On July 24, 1907, about four years after it was opened, Frank Schneider, a Yorkville sneak thief, got out over the wall. A wide-eyed urchin named Tommy Martin saw him drop down on Franklin Street. "Don't you say nothing, sonny," Schneider advised him. He patted the boy's head and walked off. He was caught within a fortnight. A break that caused even greater excitement occurred on September 2, 1912. The prisoner was Reynold Forsbrey, generally referred to as "the pale little man," who was in the Tombs for two holdup murders, one in Brooklyn and one on the lower East Side. Both murders were the result of the pale little man's desire to get together enough cash to buy a decent wedding ring for Mary Ryan, a Brooklyn girl. One night she smuggled some small saws and a phial of muriatic acid into the Tombs by hiding them in her high pompadour. He was caught with these objects and put in solitary confinement. The guard who was assigned to sit outside his cell door had been up late the night before at a Democratic clambake and soon fell asleep. Forsbrey upended his cot against the wall of his cell, worked some rusted screws out of a ventilator, and wriggled through the hole. Using his sheet as a rope, he let himself down twenty feet into the carpenter shop. Here he picked up a nail-studded joist, made his way to the yard, and got over the outside wall by climbing up the joist. He was found several months later living with Mary Ryan in the Bronx. Subsequently she helped Forsbrey escape from Auburn Prison and from Clinton Prison, but he was caught each time and brought back.

Easily the most tumultuous and bloodiest day the Tombs ever saw was November 3, 1926. That afternoon, around three o'clock, three prisoners eluded their guards and got behind a coalpile in the yard, armed with revolvers that had been smuggled in to them. Robert Berg, of the Whittemore gang in Chicago, had two pistols; Michael McKenna, a small-time tough, and Hyman Amberg, who had killed a jeweller, had one pistol each. They killed Jeremiah Murphy and Dan O'Connor, the first two guards to take after them. Peter J. Mallon, the Tombs warden, was shot in the lungs and abdomen and died a few hours later. He was the only chief jailer in the history of the Tombs who died at his post. While the fight was on, downtown New York sounded like a battlefield. Judges and court attendants watched the battle from the windows of the Criminal Courts Building. Clerks and stenographers in nearby office buildings were also able to look down upon it. Detectives were out on fire escapes, at windows, and on the roofs of the Tombs itself, armed with rifles and machine guns. J. Allen Steadwell, assistant superintendent of the New York Life Insurance Building, who was standing in an eighth-floor window of the Conklin Building, opposite the Tombs on Lafayette Street, was wounded by a shot from Berg's pistol.

The first outside assistance to arrive in the Tombs yard was Detective Johnny Broderick, who later developed into a sort of Paul Bunyan of the force. Just as Broderick came in, Patrick M. Kelly, a laborer who had hidden in the ditch in the yard where he was working when the three gunmen darted behind the coalpile, raised his shovel over his head to find out if it was safe to show himself. Broderick shot it out of his hand. Kelly decided to wait. Broderick then ran behind the coalpile, shooting, but the three gunmen were already dying. Each man had turned his gun on himself.

AFTER this episode a flood of fresh invective was let loose against the Tombs and its administration. It was discovered by the State Prison Commission that the guards were charging for blankets and cots, just as the first Tombs guards had almost a hundred years before. Murderers and other felons were allowed out of their cells for evening poker and for dice games in which thousands of dollars were wagered. Someone sounded a buzzer when the warden left the building as a signal to open the cells of privileged prisoners who wanted to play poker. Two buzzes warned of the warden's return. Hyman Amberg had paid a hundred dollars two nights a week for the privilege of entertaining women in his cell. "The visiting room," the State Prison Commission reported, "is a delirium of screaming men and women. How the officer in charge stands this bedlam is a mystery." It also turned out that guards were depriving imprisoned drug addicts of their daily

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narcotics ration of four and one-eighth grains and were selling it to other prisoners, and that additional drugs were getting into the Tombs under stamps on letters, in visitors' hatbands, and even taped behind Red Cross lapel buttons. In 1928 the New York County Grand Jury bellowed the familiar cry, "The Tombs is obsolete and inadequate." The State Commissioner of Correction called it a "breeding place for crime." The uproar grew until, on October 18, 1938, upon order of the Board of Aldermen, a gigantic "For Sale" sign was posted outside the Tombs and work was started on a new, $18,000,000, twelve-story prison, directly across Centre Street from the old place.

City tax appraisers figure that the land on which the Tombs stands is worth around $1,000,000 and that the building is worth $850,000, but real-estate people, possibly because they know that the playful Collect Pond still lurks belowground, haven't even nibbled. The city has therefore decided to raze the building. In laying the foundation for the new prison, the contractors made up their minds to deal firmly with Collect Pond. They sunk steel building caissons into the ground and hired two former United States Navy divers, John Kelly and Jim Graham, to go down inside them until they found bedrock. Air locks were built into the caissons, and the two men, wearing diving suits and helmets, used them as taking-off points for their explorations until the caissons reached through the bed of the pond to bedrock. Bedrock, in some spots, was a hundred and forty feet down. The caissons were filled with concrete and became a part of the foundation. They are the world's deepest building caissons. The cost of the foundation alone came to something like $2,000,000.

The new Tombs is ready now, and the prisoners may be moved in any day. At least, they can be sure that the place will never cave in on them.

—Meyer Berger

(*This is the second of two articles on the Tombs prisons.*)

•

The Engagement has been announced of Miss Jane Stanley Acheson, daughter of Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Dean Acheson, of Washington, and of Sandy Spring, Md., to Dudley Bradstreet Williams Brown, of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., son of Col. and Mrs. Franklin Quinby Brown.

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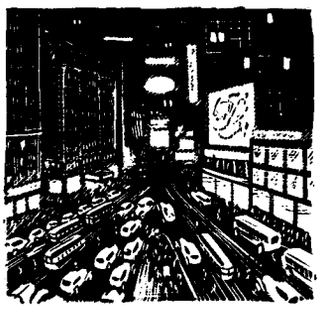
THE ORIGINALITY OF MR. HOPE

THE wedding was to take place in Newfane, Vermont. By long-distance telephone the bride's mother inquired whether Mr. Hope could be prevailed on to call for one of the bridesmaids if he was driving by way of Great Barrington. Mr. Hope said that he'd be glad to. "The child's going to be in a wedding somewhere in Massachusetts the day before," the bride's mother said. "I suppose everything will work out all right, though. All the girls were here for a houseparty about a week ago, and they had their rehearsal then. This bridesmaid—her name's Linda Whitlock—doesn't actually live *in* Great Barrington, of course." Here, Mr. Hope noted, the bride's mother became gaily casual. "She's about thirty miles *west* of Great Barrington." Then came directions that included several route numbers as well as instructions about turning to the left, turning to the right, watching for big white barns, looking out for paper mills, summer inns, gas stations, and other landmarks.

The woman's feeling for landmarks may have been remarkable, but her feeling for figures was something less than that. The state-highway numbers she gave Mr. Hope were incorrect, as he began to discover shortly before noon on the day of the wedding, which was set for four-thirty. It was two o'clock before he found Miss Whitlock's home.

The bridesmaid greeted Mr. Hope coldly, remarking that she supposed they'd *never* make it, but that she'd already taken the precaution of putting on the costume which had been sent to her, just in case they *did*, and that it was sure to get all wrinkled and look like something the *cat* had dragged in, and that she'd expected to dress *after* she got to Newfane, and that she wouldn't be surprised if the bride refused to *speak* to her again as long as they both lived.



After this, Miss Whitlock confined herself to bleak monosyllables for at least an hour. Mr. Hope was not very chatty either. Unpleasant complications always ensued when he was unable to have his meals at regular hours. He had eaten nothing since seven, but hesitated to suggest even hamburgers, partly because Miss Whitlock had announced bitterly that she would die if she missed the wedding and partly because she was far from being the hamburger type.

Waiting for a green light in Pittsfield, he was startled to hear her giggle with what seemed to be genuine amusement. He turned and looked at her. She really was a very pretty girl. He raised an eyebrow questioningly.

"Darling!" she squealed, startling Mr. Hope so much that he released the clutch, pressed the accelerator, and darted past the red light, narrowly avoiding a truck. "I've just thought of something marvellous!" Only she said "dorling" and "morvellous." Miss Whitlock's speech in general was strangely distorted. Mr. Hope realized that, at forty-two, he had almost forgotten that young women who had attended the more expensive finishing schools sometimes talked this way.

"Have you?" he said politely.

"Wouldn't it be heaven if we got there just a minute or two after the ceremony had begun?"

"But I thought you didn't want to be late," Mr. Hope said in bewilderment.

"I don't want to miss the whole show, of course," she said impatiently, "but if we were just a minute or two late it would be *priceless*. The car would come zooming up, making a lot of noise, and everybody would turn around—they're having the wedding in the garden—and we'd barge in, looking terribly dramatic and important. After all, I'm a bridesmaid. And I'd slither over to where I'm supposed to stand, and—well, it would be *heaven!* Of course it wouldn't seriously spoil the ceremony. Because I wouldn't want to do *that*."

"No," Mr. Hope agreed.

"The ushers would have a lot of fun with me later on, prob'ly," Miss Whitlock said with a happy sigh. "Kidding about it, I mean. Whereas if I missed the whole wedding, they'll just think I'm a wet smack and let it go at that. The ushers they're having are too cute for words. Brown."

"Brown?" said Mr. Hope, thinking vaguely of Africa.

"That's what Pete was. The man Judy's marrying. Brown '39." She looked at Mr. Hope and said, obviously not expecting much, "What were you?"

"What college, you mean?"

"Yah," she said languidly.

"I went to Drake." Miss Whitlock looked as though her worst suspicions had been confirmed. With an outlander's politeness, Mr. Hope said, "I'm afraid most Easterners don't hear much about Drake. It's in Iowa."

Miss Whitlock smiled commiseratingly.

"Then I had two years at Annapolis," he said, "before I began to have trouble with my eyes."

For some reason this announcement resulted in Miss Whitlock's becoming very animated. She said with enthusiasm, "Darling, why didn't you *say* so? I didn't *dream* you'd been to Annapolis. When they phoned from Newfane, they didn't even give me a *hint!*"

"Well, it was only two years," Mr. Hope said.

"But, darling, *after all*—if you had *eye trouble* . . ." She sounded very earnest. "I mean to say, it isn't as if you'd done something *wrong!* Honestly, you're *the* strangest person, letting me go on thinking . . ." She stopped and then said with warm approval, "I mean to say, *Annapolis!*" Her manner was altogether friendly now. "I was Finch."

Without in the least caring, Mr. Hope asked whether she had enjoyed the subjects she had studied there.

"Oh, they were all right if you didn't let them *get* you," she said. "Finch is changing terribly, you know. It used to be practically nothing but painting and sculpture and modern languages. *That* kind of thing. But it's getting to be different."

Mr. Hope asked in what way.

"More serious," she said. "Very *deep* things, like Russian plays. It's all on account of a new man everybody's crazy about, Professor Watts-Burgess. Williams is getting to be different, too."

"Williams College?" Mr. Hope said.

"Yah," she said. "More winter sports. They aren't as stuck-up as they used to be, either. Most of the other colleges are about the same as ever, though. Next to Annapolis—and of course Annapolis is on a *much* higher plane than an ordinary college, isn't it?—my favorite is Brown. They're so all-around."

"Does that mean that Brown men are interested in a number of things?" he asked.

"Darling!" she said. "You have the funniest line!"

MR. HOPE supposed that he was being an old-fashioned bore, but didn't care much one way or the other. He had made an interesting discovery: it was difficult to be vain and hungry at the same time. Again he thought wistfully of hamburgers, but renewed his determination to be gallant and get Miss Whitlock to Newfane in time for the

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wedding if he possibly could. There still was an even chance that they might make it. It was three-fifteen, and in a few minutes they would cross the Vermont line.

"How do you feel about Dartmouth?" he asked, chiefly to keep from thinking about food.

"Outdoorsy," she said. "Nice on the whole, but terribly outdoorsy. *You* know—mountain climbing and stuff. Which is *perfectly* all right, except that they're forever *talking* about it. Still"—she sighed—"I guess it's ungrateful to kick. Some of them are gorgeous."

"M.I.T.?" he suggested.

"Mortimer Snerds," Miss Whitlock said wearily.

"Really?"

"Yah," she said. "Oh, I know they sometimes turn out to be *very* big shots and make *large* sums, but after all—I mean to say, they're absolute *dopes!* Give me Brown!"

Mr. Hope said, "What about Princeton?"

"Well, of course Princeton is golf," she said. "*Nothing* but golf."

"You mean all the students at Princeton play golf?" Mr. Hope said with interest. "All of them?"

"Practically," she said. "Darling, you do have *the* most amusing line! I adore it. It's so poker-faced. Most of the men I know have lines that are sort of crazy. Yours is subtle."

"Is it?" said Mr. Hope. "I didn't know that I had a line."

"There!" said Miss Whitlock, pointing a finger at him and going off into a peal of laughter. "Darling, you're *perfect!*"

"Bennington," said Mr. Hope, brightening as he drove into the outskirts of town. "Thank God!"

"I'll tell you something," Miss Whitlock said confidentially. "Annapolis men are sweet, but as a rule they don't have much sense of humor. I adore them, but they really *don't* have much sense of humor. You're the first Annapolis man I've ever met who was really *original*."

She moved a little closer to Mr. Hope. He was engaged to be married, and wondered whether it might not be a good idea to mention the fact casually at an opportune moment.

"What about Yale?" he said.

"Darling!" she said reproachfully. "Yale!"

"Tell me what *they're* like."

"Aloof," she said, squeezing his arm. "Vurry, vurry aloof. They think they're men of the world. Of course they do wear perfectly stunning clothes, but what difference does that make? They

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always look down their noses at you."

"I thought Yale men were supposed to be such good sports," he said. "Always ready for a good time, and all that. Full of fun."

"Full of Japanese beetles!" she said contemptuously. "Let me tell you, Yale men are definitely *not* as flawless as some people seem to think they are! Last summer at Northeast Harbor—oh, well, what does it matter? *Yale* men! *Pfui*, as the French would say."

"And Harvard men?" he said.

"Harvard men are worse. It's all very well to be snotsy and brilliant and holier-than-thou, but after all—I mean to say, we live in a democratic country, don't we? I mean to say, Harvard men should *realize* that. It's a standing joke the way they go to houseparties and things and pretend to be having a swell time with people from New York and places like that when they secretly think they're *slumming* or something, and then go back and marry some New England girl they met at a holier-than-thou *clambake!* I mean to say, a perfectly nice man from Englewood or somewhere can go to Harvard and turn into a regular Bostonian. I mean, marry a girl from Quincy or somewhere."

"Is that usual?" Mr. Hope inquired.

"*Is* it?" Miss Whitlock said bitterly. "God!"

Mr. Hope remarked that Harvard men seemed to get on very well in the world.

"Pull!" Miss Whitlock said. Then, growing more cheerful, she said, "But we haven't said anything about Finch. What do you think of Finch? I mean, what do you think of *me*, for example?"

"Are you representative of Finch?" Mr. Hope asked with curiosity.

"Darling, you're *heaven!*" she said. "You're *too* original!" She gave him an intimate little smile. "As far as being representative goes, well, I guess I am, prob'ly."

"I don't believe I've ever met anyone from Finch before," Mr. Hope said.

Miss Whitlock thought this amazing, and said so. "You'll just have to tell me what you think of *me*," she said softly.

Mr. Hope felt like saying, "I'm engaged to a woman of forty, and if

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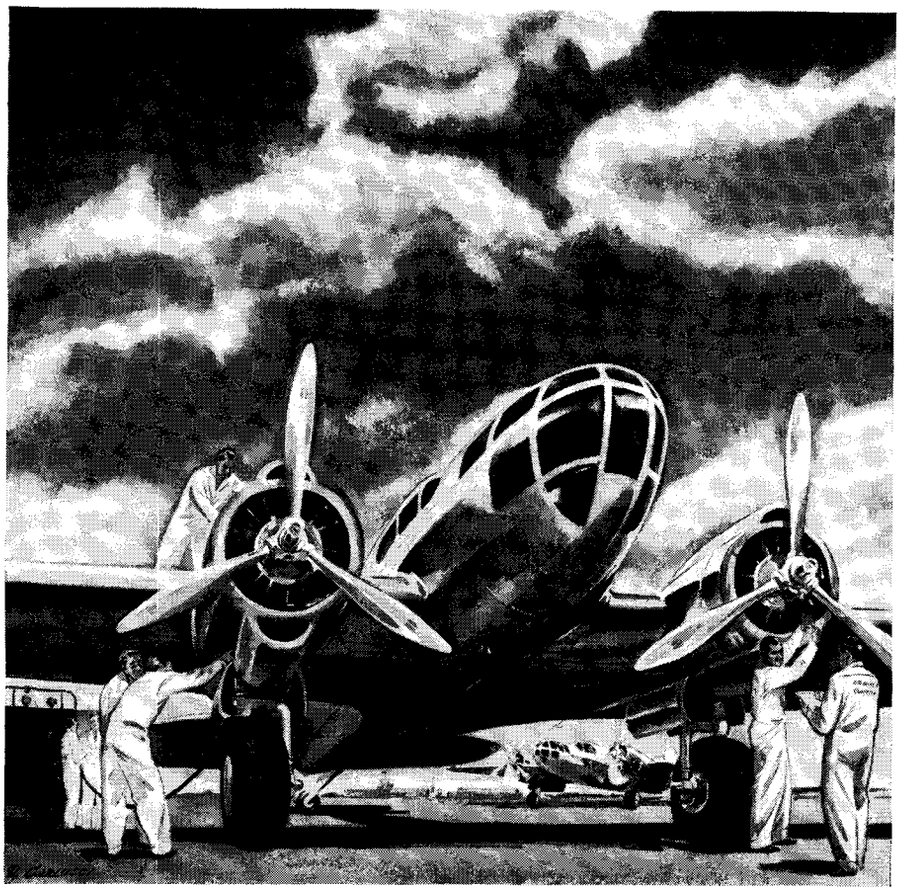

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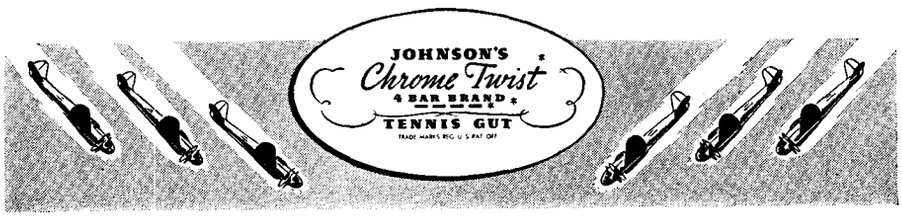

when you're her age you're as agreeable as she is, I'll be very much surprised." What he actually said was "I think you're one of the nicest children I've ever met."

" 'One of the nicest *children!*' " Miss Whitlock gasped. "*Well!*"

"I wish I had a daughter exactly like you," he said.

This was followed by rather a long silence.

"Here's East Dover," Mr. Hope said at last. "If we're lucky I think we'll get you to Newfane about ten minutes before the wedding begins."

"How nice!" Miss Whitlock said frigidly. "I'm afraid I've put you to a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all," he said.

She acknowledged this with a slight inclination of her head.

WHEN they arrived in Newfane, they saw a number of people standing in a pretty garden with a white picket fence. It was evident from their subdued manner, and from the hymn a string orchestra was playing, that the ceremony had not yet begun. Mr. Hope was glad to see the Brown men rush to the car and welcome Miss Whitlock. To the complete consternation of some of the older guests she shrieked joyously, "Hey, you drips, look out for my *dress!*" The Brown men were escorting her to the garden. "It's got enough wrinkles in it already!" her voice came floating back. "Honestly, I've just had *the* foulest experience . . ." —JAMES REID PARKER

•

You can dine at Le Steak de Paris and be reminded of vacations you once took in France for something under a dollar. —*William Hawkins in the World-Telegram.*

Exclusive of steamship passage.

•

REAL ESTATE: Mrs. Katherine Steedman Hinckley has increased the acreage of her farm, Henchman's Lea, by purchasing 189 acres in three tracts. It is understood she plans to build a new house and two bars, and will make the place her permanent home.—*Washington Post.*

Let's drink to permanence.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Danbury (Conn.) News-Times*]

Announcement was made today that the cleaning of the china closet of Echo Rebekah lodge in Odd Fellows building, West street, announced for tomorrow, has been indefinitely postponed.

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THE SKY LINE

Looking Forward, Looking Backward

A RECENT number of the London *Architectural Review* is devoted to a discussion of the rebuilding of England, and particularly of London, a discussion which has made me wonder what New York would do with a similar opportunity for reconstruction. There are parts of our proud city that already look as if the Luftwaffe had done its dirtiest, sometimes without benefit of the cleanup squad. The boarded-up tenements along the northern reaches of Park Avenue might make one think their windows had been blown out by a bomb, and the filth which has accumulated on the roofs of the lower nearby buildings (visible from the railroad trains) makes it appear that the garbage-removal service has been disrupted ever since this war began.

Unfortunately, no matter how fast parking lots take the place of unrentable buildings, when an owner of one of these sites decides to put up a new building, his imagination remains bogged in the time when congestion really paid and people didn't care a hoot if their bedrooms were as bright as a cellar or their living rooms looked out on a pile of bricks sixty feet away, provided that the address was in the right neighborhood and the bathroom was visibly new. It seems never to have occurred to the simple-minded souls who invest in Manhattan real estate that the island fails to hold its population because it persisted in growing in the pattern of congestion, or that to bring people back one has to provide something a trifle more solid in advantages than the fact that it is fairly easy to reach the Zoo on the subway.

Suppose we look at two of the best recent housing efforts, one for an upper-middle-class-income group and one for the lowest economic stratum. For the first, I'll take the twelve-story apartment house nearing completion at 177 East Seventy-seventh Street. This is an honest example, worked out under exceptionally favorable circumstances, of an attempt to improve the living conditions of the upper middle classes. I pick it because I think it is the most one can expect of rugged-individual enterprise.

The building, which occupies half a dozen lots, covers about as much of the area as the law permits. It has the special advantage, however, of being protected on the east by the row of two-story buildings which form the block front on Third Avenue, and on the north by an open space which fronts on Seventy-eighth Street and will someday be landscaped; this land and the buildings along Third Avenue both belong to the owners of No. 177. In other words, this apartment house has an unusual amount of open space around it. This generosity on the part of the entrepreneurs is of course laudable, for it tacitly asserts the principle that a tall building should be surrounded by open land and not hemmed in by other tall buildings competing so hard for air and light that none of them gets what it is after.

Assured of permanent light and air for this apartment house, the architects, Boak & Paris, have taken full advantage of the situation by providing either a large terrace or an inset balcony for almost every apartment. These are not an unrelieved blessing, because in some cases they shut off too much light and air from the rooms behind them, but they at least provide a pleasant sense of openness to the interiors. In addition, the use of terraces gives to the side and rear façades of the building an architectural distinction that the conventional flat walls usually lack. These terraces are still essentially a novelty in urban housing; the excellent apartment house at 240 Central Park South presents the only other example that comes to mind.

Obviously, the designers and the builders of No. 177 should be congratulated for making the most of this new building's situation and surroundings. But what, after all, are the situation and surroundings? The view from these wide terraces is the usual jumble of high and low uptown rooftops, dingy façades and bright façades, new apartments and ancient tenements, and a touch of the East River on the horizon from the upper windows that face it. That is better than nothing, much better than blank walls and sunless courts; still, it is not enough. If the city is going to compete as a place of permanent residence with the suburbs, which are steadily draining off population, it must provide more of the advantages that the suburbs offer: more trees, more gardens, more playgrounds, more internal parks in building developments, more quiet. At present, the people who pay the highest rents don't get nearly enough for their money, and those who are clever enough to realize this often move out to the country, or at least nearer to it.

FOR contrast, let us look at what the city has been doing to resettle its slum dwellers. Take the new East River Houses, which occupy the irregular plot of land bounded by First Avenue and the East River Drive between 102nd and 105th Streets. These buildings were designed to provide housing for nearly twelve hundred low-income families. Their income is so low, in fact, that part of the difference between the rental and the sum the occupants can afford has had to be contributed, like most of the capital invested, by the federal government; the city pays the rest.

For more than a generation philanthropic housing associations attempted to build model tenements for the poor, either individual buildings or developments that occupied a whole block. But the high cost of land forced the architects to produce flats so commonplace that they could scarcely be distinguished ten years after from the mass of buildings in the city. Ironically, the city has just bought two old "model tenements" in the West Sixties in order to replace them with more model tenements. The first chance for a different kind of housing came when the municipal government assembled land and replanned several fair-sized sections of the metropolis, so allowing the architects to forget not merely the bounds of the individual building lot but the bounds of the old-fashioned, rigid, gridiron street system, with its unnecessary waste of space and its inability to divert through traffic from residential districts, where it menaces roving young human wild life. Whatever my criticisms of recent achievements in municipal housing—and I have some severe ones—the new method of planning by districts, not by lots or blocks, deserves nothing but praise. Instead of unneeded streets, there are playgrounds for the young and promenades for the adults, a valuable gain.

Unfortunately, our housing experts, federal and municipal, are like confirmed jailbirds who still don't know how to make full use of their freedom. Under pressure of the New York City Housing Authority, which is in turn under the pressure of our still artificially high land prices, the architects of East River Houses have not been able to take full advantage of their opportunities. These great barracks, from six to eleven stories high, belong to the city of the past, not to the city of the future. In

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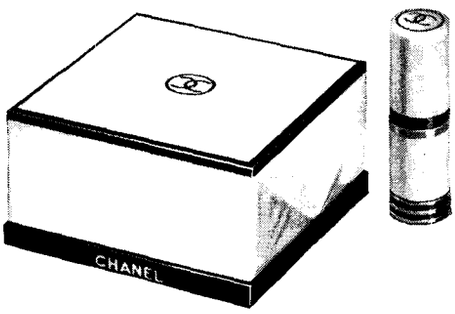

Chanel Glamour Face Powder... Gypsy, dark and radiant... Dusky, medium with gold tones... and Southern Tan with rose beige undertones... perfumed with No. 5 or Gardenia $2.00

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CHANEL

No. 5, Glamour, No. 22, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Chanel, Inc., New York

their efforts to be economical, the authorities have overreached themselves. These buildings are supposed to last sixty years; they are well enough constructed to last three hundred, but their standard of space, though high in comparison to the past, is far too constricted and will appear much worse sixty, let alone three hundred, years hence.

More than once the official parsimony in the design of this project results in downright dreariness. Sometimes the dreariness is quite gratuitous, as in the failure to use brighter colors for the window trim and doors. Sometimes it reveals a more serious blockage of the imagination. The open spaces, with the exception of the little triangles formed by the wings of the apartment houses (planted with barberry and ivy), are completely paved, and even the parallel rows of trees do not disguise the bleakness of the asphalt. The official argument for this is that grass and flowers are too expensive in upkeep. If the argument is sound, the solution is only stupid. The alternative to grass and flowers is not asphalt but great squares and circles planted with hardy flowering bushes like weigela, forsythia, and lilac, perhaps surrounded with thorn bushes until local pride is strong enough to protect the bushes against vandalism. This would not merely provide a pleasant touch of nature in this waste of brick and asphalt; it would help prevent the paved courts from becoming perfect bake ovens on a summer's day. Here, with open spaces that the richest dweller on Park Avenue would envy, the Housing Authority, by this preposterous perversion of economy, has thrown away half the advantages that large-scale planning has achieved.

The upshot of all this is that even bombing won't do New York much good unless it sets loose the imagination of those who would do the rebuilding of the city. Rich man, poor man, builder and architect, speculator and city official are living in a world that vanished quite a few years ago, replanning it in a fashion that would have seemed adequate, and perhaps advanced, at the end of the last war. They are still masters of the art of creating premature obsolescence. —LEWIS MUMFORD

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WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

First of all, Wee Willie [Keeler] was a misnomer. He stood about 5 feet 10, and weighed close to 170.—*Bob Considine in the Mirror, July 3rd.*

Keeler was only 5 feet 4 and weighed 138 pounds.—*Russell Owen in the Times, July 13th.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

SOMETHING of a Mozart festival is available in the recent record releases. You might make yourself up an excellent symphonic session by playing the A-major symphony, No. 29, and the C-major symphony, No. 34 (both in Victor album M-795), and following them with the symphony in E-flat major, No. 39, which you will find in Columbia set M-456. The Boston Symphony and Dr. Serge Koussevitzky perform the A-major and C-major symphonies and Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic look after the E-flat, and since all concerned are, as scholars say, strictly in the groove, these discs are distinguished additions to the recorded Mozart catalogue.

José Iturbi recalls his brilliant New York début with a performance of the Mozart D-minor piano concerto, No. 20 (Victor M-794), in which he plays the piano and directs the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Usually this business of doubling as soloist and maestro results in foggy patches, but M-794 is a tidy affair, even if the orchestral playing isn't always tonally remarkable. To complete the album, there's the overture to "Così Fan Tutte," touched off charmingly by the B.B.C. Symphony under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult.

In the Mozart chamber-music division there are fine presentations of the Quartet in D minor by the Budapest String Quartet (Columbia M-462) and the sonata in F major for violin and piano, No. 34, performed by Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin (Victor M-791). Miss Menuhin's playing of the important piano part is a delightful achievement, and the family teamwork is, as usual, exemplary.

Sir Thomas also adds to the collection of Handel with a suite he arranged from the opera "The Faithful Shepherd" (Columbia M-458). Sir Thomas, the London Philharmonic, and Handel all contribute handsomely to its success.

THERE are some new recordings of Brahms material which you may already have on discs. John Barbirolli and the Philharmonic-Symphony have now turned out a resounding version of the Academic Festival Overture (Columbia X-200). Mr. Barbirolli's orchestration of Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze" fills out the album. Brahms' two-piano Variations on a Theme by Haydn are well played by Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff (Victor M-799)

IF you care for out-and-out virtuoso piano music, investigate: Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brilliant," neatly demonstrated by Miss Joanna Graudan to a bouncing accompaniment by the Minneapolis Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia X-197); a flashing performance of the Tausig transcription of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," by Benno Moïséivitch (Victor 18050); and a fetching session with the Schubert-Liszt "Soirée de Vienne," played by that amazing veteran Moriz Rosenthal (Victor 1854).

THE disc people are keeping up with American compositions, too. You'll find Samuel Barber's sensitive "Essay for Orchestra" understandingly exhibited by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Victor 18062). Columbia offers Walter Piston's sonata for violin and piano (set X-199) played by Louis Krasner and the composer. Mr. Piston, in a program note to this recording, writes, "Above all, I have hoped to make music that players will want to play and that listeners will want to hear," and the sonata manages to live up pretty well to this premise.

RAVEL'S Bolero turns up again in a recording by the Grand Orchestre Symphonique, conducted by Piero Coppola (Victor M-793). Maestro Coppola takes his time with the Bolero, which it is said is the authentic procedure, and the celebrated finale is majestic, all right, but I still find the animation of other recordings more fun. For entertainment, don't miss Leopold Stokowski's doings with Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals," in which the Philadelphia Orchestra is assisted by Miss Jeanne Behrend and Sylvan Levin at a couple of pianos (Victor M-785), and if you want a really good workout of a Strauss waltz, with none of the sogginess that so often passes for "tradition," hear "Wiener Blut," done by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia 11579-D). —R. A. S.

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The "V" campaign, which has been so widely publicized, is principally a publicity scheme sponsored by the San Francisco Chronicle.—*Stanford University Daily.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

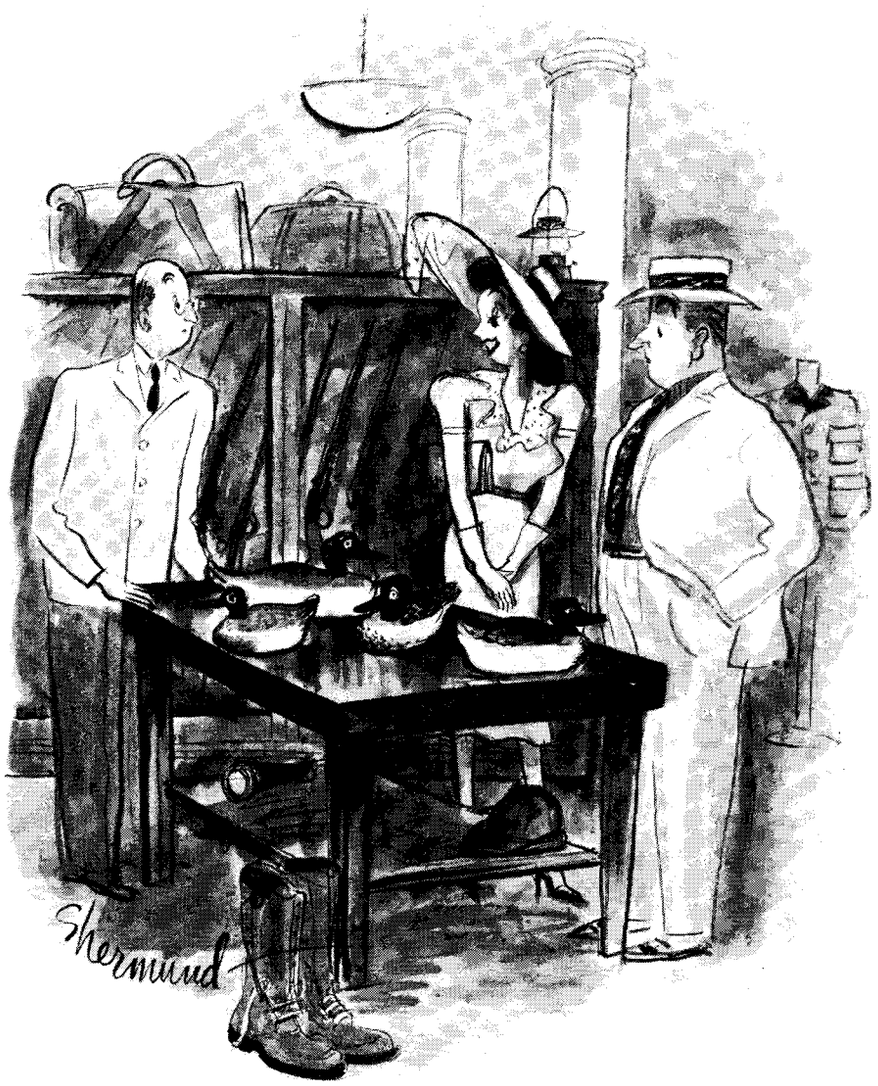
IT looks, thank goodness, as if the fog of antiquarianism through which our milliners have been groping for some time might be about to lift. Last year, you remember, the hat designers seemed to be spending most of their time trudging through museums in a self-conscious search for just the right Frans Hals bonnet or the Sunday-go-to-meeting feathered headdress of some defunct savage. All this hysterical research had a rather bewildering effect upon the local scene, and now Sally Victor, at least, has decided that enough is enough. She's been avoiding archives all summer, staying at home and getting her ideas out of her own head. The theme behind them is that there should be a becoming hat for every type of woman, and at last she is ready with a bagful of fall and winter designs so varied that there really is something for everyone, from mite to matron.

If height in headwear is what you're after, look at Mrs. Victor's latest fancy, the platform hat. Don't let the name frighten you; the hat is not something for a W.C.T.U. campaigner but merely a large, squared-off brim in bright-red suède (she dotes on red) faced with black brushed jersey and having a stovepipe crown, all perched on a narrow bandeau. Another hat, in the same shade but made of felt, has a high brim with the edge turned sharply down and a low, rounded crown; still another, in black suède, has a towering, pointed brim faced with mink and is so flattering that you could sit for your portrait in it. There are berets, too—large, soft ones that may be draped any which way; one is a black felt with a wide mesh wool veil which continues down the back to form a long, loose snood, dotted with gay tidbits of felt blooms.

A group of sprightly knits that should brighten the dreariest day of approaching winter includes a high, square turban—red again—that is ornamented with bands of brilliantly contrasting paillettes and has matching oblong hatpins to anchor it. Another in this lot is a bottle-green plaque that is festooned with old-fashioned orange featherstitching and attached to a dramatic draped wool-jersey cap which has long ends drooping over the shoulder. Young flibbertigibbets will adore a getup that suggests ice-skating in the Park, although it will probably never get west of Fifth. It consists of a sheer red knitted wool scarf to be tied around the head, peasant style, and a matching miniature turned-up tam-o'-shanter with what looks like parrot feathers shooting up above.

Flip as anything, Mrs. Victor shows a reversible bottle-green felt cloche that has a high crown lined with red wool and a squirrel-trimmed brim; turn the thing inside out and the fur frames the face softly enough to make an outdoors-all-summer Amazon look coquettish. Another reversible hat, a slashing sailor that is gray on one side and black on the other, has eyelets in its crown through which you thrust varicolored quills in whatever arrangement suits your whim; the number of effects you can achieve depends entirely on your own ingenuity. It's a perfect hat for travelling, as it can be squeezed into any old corner of your luggage and, if you're deft enough with those quills, can make it seem as if you had brought along a whole caseful of millinery. A large sports hat in Harlem pink is another trick to linger over; it has a wide, supple brim that may be pulled down over the face when you suspect you aren't looking your best and turned sharply up and back when you're sure you are. Leave it to Mrs. V. to make a bunch of feathers, high at one side of this affair, appear jaunty instead of feather-dustery; maybe it's because she uses the plumage of the comical stork.

GUNTHER, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is showing furs that are unquestionably luxurious but not necessarily extravagant, for many of the coats



"They certainly wouldn't fool me."

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on display are made along such fundamental lines that they are almost bound to be as much in fashion years from now as they are at the moment. You'll find any number of long, box affairs with smooth, moderately square shoulders; most of them have small collars or none at all, and practically every sleeve in the place is full at the wrist. Try and walk by a mink coat with high, pointed revers and sleeves that may be rolled up to show as much as you wish of those new, long, bright-colored gloves we are beginning to hear about. A considerably less expensive three-quarter coat of black Persian lamb has slightly sloping shoulders and long, melon-shaped sleeves that may also be pushed up. Then there's a coat so silky and soft that you'd never believe it was made of fisher, and a Hudson Bay sable, very dark, beautifully blended, and as light as almost nothing at all.

For devil-may-cares who prefer the fitted silhouette and don't give a hoot what tomorrow's style may be, this shop offers a lovely double-breasted black Russian-broadtail coachman coat (a dull name for such a dazzling thing) with inverted pleats and self buttons. If this isn't quite what you have in mind, a princesse black broadtail with narrow bands of sable at the round neck and sleeves may be the answer. There's something strangely Chinese about it that I found appealing.

For evening, long, slinky types could ask for nothing more than a long, slinky Russian-ermine cape that hugs the figure like the robe of a plaster angel and looks just as heavenly; fluffier girls will go for a hip-length cape of white fox, with the skins worked in diagonal swirls to make it more slimming than most.

The big news from Gunther's Budget Shop is a polar-wolf hip-length coat that is a beauty. It could be worn for sports as well as evening, is as creamy in color as natural lynx, and costs but $195. Need I say more? —M. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

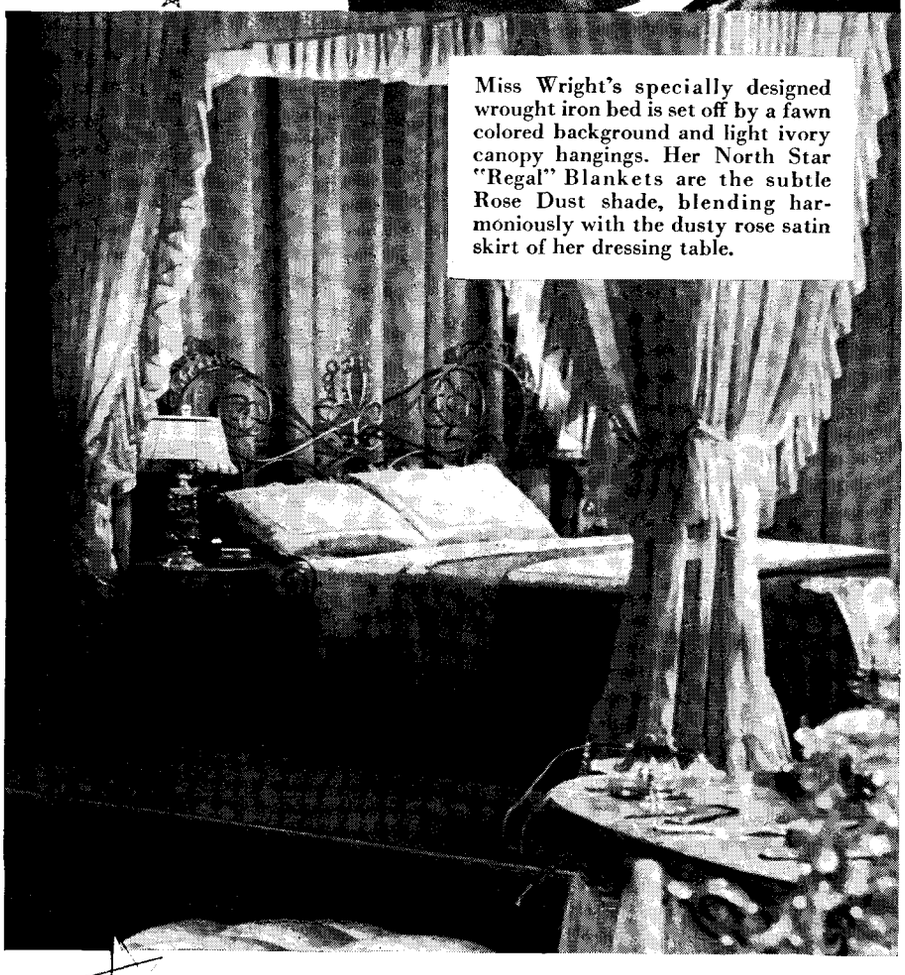
Paint and Paper

A BREAK is in store, at last, for expectant movers and for their perhaps even more unfortunate fellow-creatures who are about to do their fall redecorating. The firm of Alban Conway, at 68 East 55th Street, after a summer among the paintpots, has cooked up formulas for some seven hundred colors for walls, woodwork, and ceilings and is now ready to dispense them, along with sound advice about their use. To anyone even slightly ac-

AT HOME WITH

Cobina Wright Jr.

. . . socialite star of screen and radio . . . featured in the 20th Century-Fox technicolor musical, "Week-end in Havana".



Miss Wright's specially designed wrought iron bed is set off by a fawn colored background and light ivory canopy hangings. Her North Star "Regal" Blankets are the subtle Rose Dust shade, blending harmoniously with the dusty rose satin skirt of her dressing table.

Every time you go to bed you'll congratulate yourself for owning a North Star Blanket. It's that kind of a possession. North Stars are woven of purest wool and nothing else. They come in ten lovely shades, luxuriously bound to match. You can pay as much as $175 for a pair of North Star Blankets, or as little as $7.95 each.

NORTH★STAR

Blanket of the Stars

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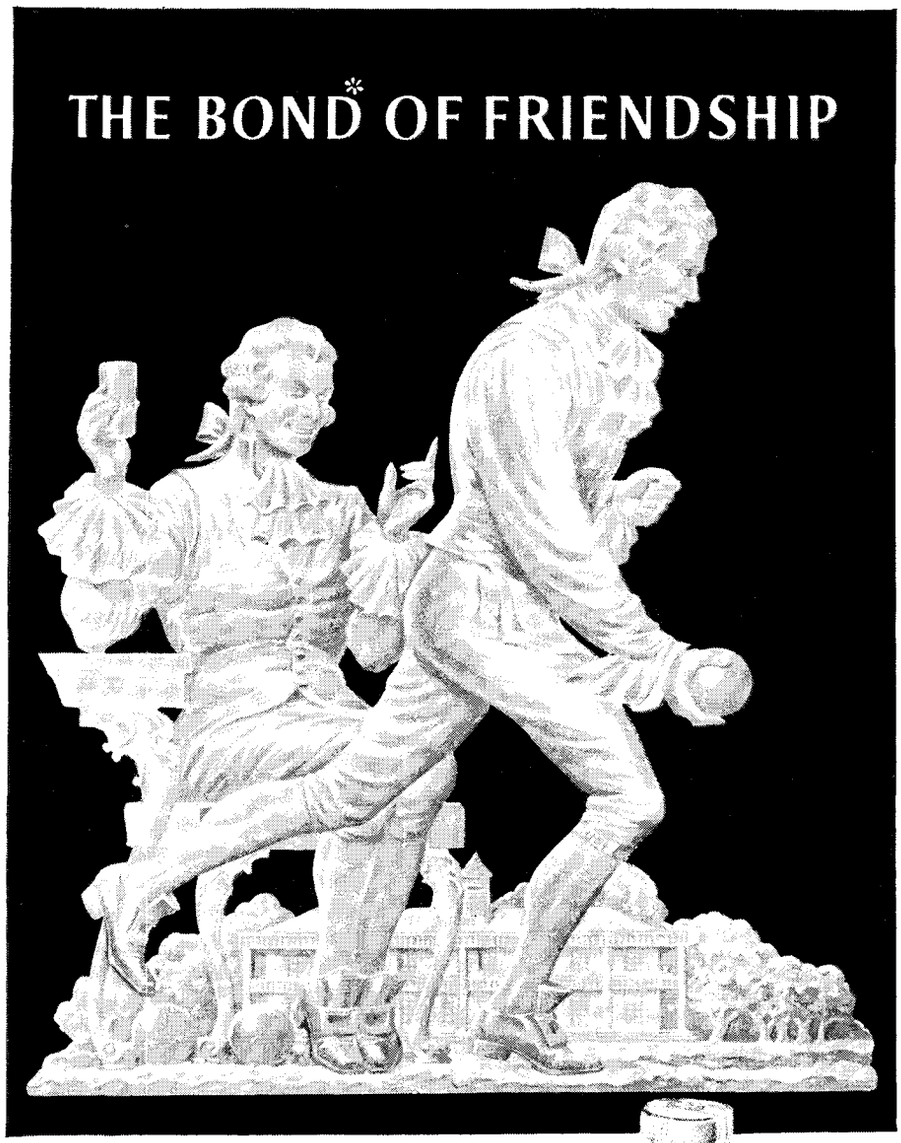
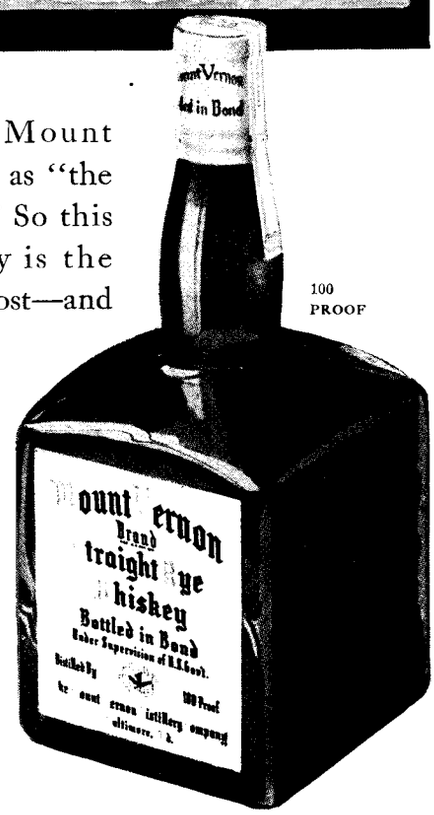


DOWN the long years, Mount Vernon has been known as "the patrician of American ryes." So this delicately flavored whiskey is the choice of the discriminating host—and the delight of all those who are honored by its serving.



Mount Vernon
BRAND
Bottled in BOND
Straight Rye Whiskey

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quainted with the peculiarities of house painters, it will be apparent at once that this is a public service rating an award of some sort, for at least thrice armed is she who, when she confronts a painter, is able to flourish a foolproof formula for the color she wants instead of the customary two-inch swatch of fabric cut from an old wrapper. It probably won't stop the tumult and shouting that go on whenever a layman tries to impose his will upon a professional, but at least you'll get the color you want on your walls, and at the first try.

The service works like this: You pick your selections from a chart showing the colors of paints made according to the Conway formulas. For $5 you get a scheme for one room—walls, woodwork, ceiling. There are small squares of wood, each painted with one of your colors, to carry away with you, and the formulas are printed on the backs of these squares, along with the names of the makers of the pigments specified (they are made by the important paint manufacturers and are obtainable anywhere). There's also a $12.50 service that carries you several steps further in working out a room, providing colors for carpeting, upholstery, curtains, and accessories, all keyed to the paints you choose; and a $25 business that throws in the services of Mr. Conway himself, who, provided you live in the New York area, will go and stand over your painter while the mixing goes on, taking the brunt of his *Weltschmerz* and nipping in the bud any slipups. It's hard to see how even the simplest of these three services can fail to help boost people smoothly over this most formidable of all decorating hurdles. The paints, furthermore, are beautiful, being clear and luminous, and if you can't find your dream tint among the seven hundred-odd colors available, you can take in a sample of anything—wallpaper, ribbon, fabric, even cheese, if need be—and they'll work out a formula to fill the bill.

THE wallpaper rush is on, doubtless stimulated by that vague and somewhat panicky buy-it-now-while-we-still-can urge which seems to be everywhere. The wallpaper houses say there is no real need to worry, except about papers with silver backgrounds; there won't be any more of these when the stocks in hand are sold out, which will be all right with a lot of people anyway. However, prices are up a little and may go still higher, and there are certain imported papers, mainly French, of which the local supply is dwindling rapidly and which won't be seen again around here for a good long

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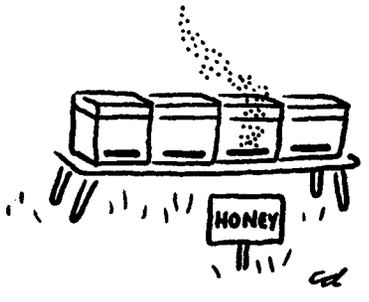
time, if ever. So maybe this buying boom is justified.

Not even the foreign-paper situation looks too black, though. As reported here last spring, A. L. Diament, at 34 East 53rd Street, one of the best-known American importers of wallpaper from leading French manufacturers, has in his possession the original designs for many of his most popular patterns. These are now being used with great success here, ensuring a continued supply for American homes of, for one thing, the peerless Zuber document designs.

One imported Zuber wallpaper, to my mind as good as any ever turned out in this world, may still be had from W. H. S. Lloyd, at 48 West 48th Street. It's a small, widely spaced medallion design: rosettes, about the size of a quarter, in sulphur yellow (mustard, if you like that name better) on a plain background in wonderful Empire colors—a rich rose red which looks just like velvet, a deep blue-green, an intense blue, or a pale but warm gray. It's $2.50 a roll while it lasts. I've seen this paper in living rooms, halls, libraries, dining rooms, even in shops; it has been used above dadoes, in panels, on ceilings, and for entire walls, and it always seems a perfect selection, suiting practically any popular period in furniture you can name.

Lloyd's English papers, for which the establishment is known all over the country, seem in no danger whatever of giving out. There are enormous stocks on hand and more stuff keeps coming right along, although at a slight increase in price. Among them are many of the old toile patterns—the famous Boar and Stag, for instance, and the Dickens-character scenic paper, so good for children's rooms. This last is $3 a roll. There's also an almost endless selection of those flower papers which the English do either superbly or so wretchedly that I don't see how even the people who design them can stand having them around; both sorts appear in the collection at Lloyd's. One to keep in mind, whether you are decorating now or staving off the awful day, is a quilted-chintz design for bedrooms. The flowers in this are the mixed English-garden kind, in clusters on a glossy white background that both looks and feels quilted; you'd swear it was fabric and not paper. This is $6 a roll. There's a plain-white paper, with the quilted effect but without the flowers, to use with it ($4.65). Other English florals are still as low as $2 a roll, even the popular Queen Anne chintz, a viny old-timer in which roses and tulips sprout engagingly from the stems.



AMERICAN manufacturers meanwhile are hastily turning out some of the best-looking papers in years. Imperial has done fine things with fruits—a news note, since fruit patterns have been almost nonexistent for some time. There's one with baskets of fruit arranged in vertical rows, giving a stripe effect; it is richly brilliant in color and appears on a variety of backgrounds. Another has a wide latticework of leafy green vines enclosing enormous clusters of ripe fruits—red-and-yellow apples and pears, purple grapes, pomegranates—and making a great splash of lush color against white. Tiny red apples are used to make a polka-dot spatter on a gray-white paper, with scenic bits here and there showing apple-pickers at work. I don't know why this wouldn't be attractive in a kitchen, although it wasn't designed for that. Imperial has something new for bathroom walls, too, and it's good: a pattern showing white fishnet draped over pastel backgrounds and hung with sea shells. With this go two shell borders, a wide, scalloped one and a narrow band, to use in various ways as outlines and accents. All of these at Wolf Brothers, at 23 West 45th Street.

Thibaut's fall papers are ready, too, in the firm's new showroom at 269 Madison Avenue (40th). This house has gone overboard about ensemble papers, recommending them as a means of building up a visible relationship between adjoining rooms, as if one room at a time weren't enough to worry about. Marble papers in colors to go with the Thibaut formal hall and living-room designs are a new passion here, and so are classic things stemming from the Greek, with Greek key borders to match.

If you hanker for authentic Americana in wallpaper, you'll want to see the exhibit at Nancy McClelland, 15 East 57th Street. In it are upward of thirty original old American papers hung side by side with their modern counterparts, all of them reproduction jobs, of which Miss McClelland has good reason to be proud. The original papers, of course, are just for show; the reproductions are for you to buy. This exhibition is thought-

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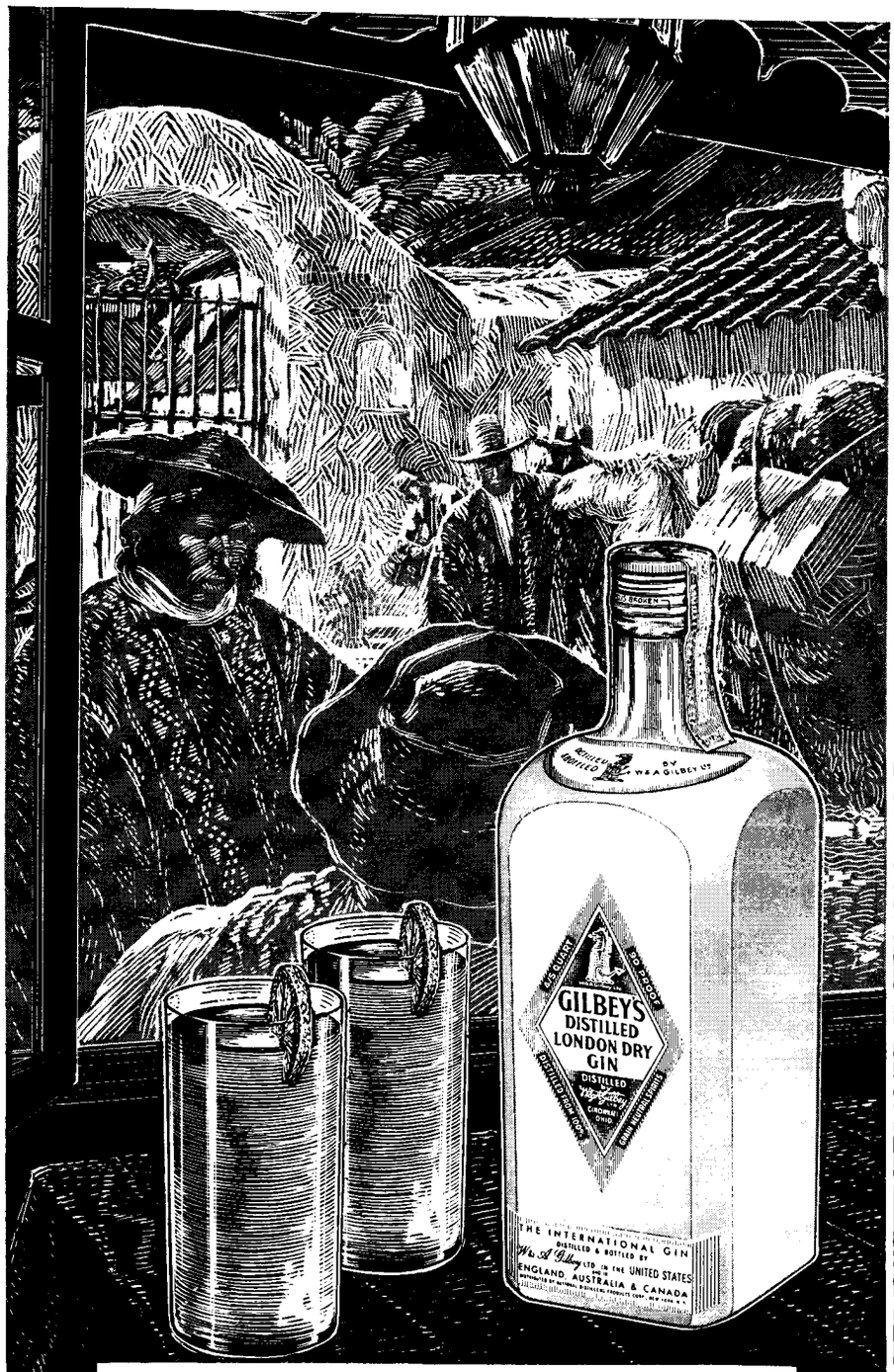

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fully timed to coincide with a big Federal American push in which makers of housefurnishings of all sorts are taking part. You're going to be finding Federal this fall everywhere you found Regency a year ago, which is to say everywhere you turn. —B. B.

•

MEDITATION ON BEARABLE SACRIFICES

I'll do my duty in the crisis
But let me choose my sacrifices.

Gladly will I quit the sinners
Who waste the wheat at formal dinners,
Who wantonly deplete resources
By eating meals of seven courses.
Supercolossal films, I feel,
Use up a lot of blondes and steel.
Night clubs consume much needed
liquor,
Reunions do it even quicker.

All festive greetings sent by wire,
Deckle-edged paper (box or quire),
The cellophane on cigarettes,
Race-track machines for making bets—
All these amenities, I shout,
I'll sacrifice and do without.

Nor is this all; I'll yield ice cubes,
Nutmeg, and anchovy in tubes,
And maraschino cherries, gum,
Toothpowder touched with irium.
I'll give up vitamins from E
All the way down to Y and Z.
Gladly I'll give up Sunday drives,
True stories of seductive lives,
Musicals with old jokes, new noise,
Juke boxes with their nickel joys.

Accept, democracy, all these.
Accept some more: take large, crush teas,
And Sunday suppers, too, and lectures
By journalists with shrewd conjectures,
Uncomfortable modern chairs,
Comics and avocado pears,
Books of the month, and radio quizzes,
Marshmallow sundaes, gin in fizzes,
Buses that sway from side to side,
Chicken chow mein and eggplant fried,
Swallow-tailed coats, shoes perforated,
Crew haircuts, shirts and coffee dated,
Long cigarettes, made-up bow ties
And bars of chocolate, double size,
Long motor trips as a vacation.

Farewell all this, for the duration,
Or even longer. Very nice is
The chance to make *these* sacrifices.

I'll go much further, go all out;
There's *lots* more I could do without.

—IRWIN EDMAN

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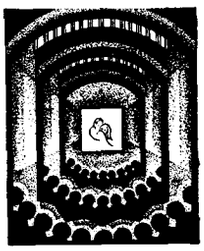
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Comic Relief

AVOIDING the great issues of the day, touching only gingerly upon the problems of the soul and heart, the films this week are at their best in their light moments. "When Ladies Meet" is the most serious picture of the lot, but no one, I suspect, will take very seriously its lady novelist, a best-seller girl who runs about in tortoiseshell glasses and the headgear of an abbess of the eleventh century. It is the comedy that counts here, just the plain, vulgar comic relief, which is the mild tonic in the other pictures, too.



"Unfinished Business" is the funniest of the group, and for a while, as I followed it, I thought it was to be another of those sheerly frothy splashes that can be such a blessing. Robert Montgomery and Irene Dunne cavort, with all the perkiness of their talents, through a lot of nonsense, which is delightful as long as it lasts. Nothing seems to be more difficult to sustain throughout a whole picture than pure frivolity, however, and "Unfinished Business" is not one of the rare exceptions. The movie sags after the first half and is, therefore, one to be on time for, but not necessarily one to sit through to the end. Once sentiment gets the upper hand, the story curdles, but before the curdling process begins there is an absurd inside view of night-club life, with Walter Catlett as the proprietor of a luxurious resort, and it is a prize. Eugene Pallette, a playboy's butler, has his bright opportunities, but Mr. Catlett's Billy Ross blooms like a gentian and swings the whole film his way.

IT is also my idea that Spring Byington, the witless hostess of a house-party in Rachel Crothers' "When Ladies Meet," adds a wholesome note of honest idiocy. Largely, the film seems planned to remind inattentive persons that Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor are still alive, so many close shots are given us of the distinguished couple. I gather they are well, and I cannot see that their looks indicate either the passing of years or the abuses of strain and stress. Greer Garson, beautiful and somewhat overwhelming, and Herbert Marshall also embellish Dame Crothers' study of literary society. In this particular group, the seemingly endless palaver about marriage and the fierce pressure of a last chapter which must be written amid a tangle of amorous intrigue may enthrall subscribers to the ladies' magazines. In spite of her weakness for fancy dress, this authoress with the unwritten chapter proves herself at last a real lady, a nice woman, someone any Thursday Morning Club would find easy to entertain, which is not always the case with public figures.

AT the very end of "Whistling in the Dark," when the hero and the two young women of the piece are just about to be done away with by the wicked murderers, a telephone operator imparts a gentle laugh or two, and the effect is striking. Big, loud laughs are the order, and Red Skelton, a young man of the Bob Hope species, manages to eke out a number of them. He is noisier than Ernest Truex was in the stage version of this trifle, but the situation has been expanded and a more gusty treatment is allowable. The literary man of gentle tastes is here replaced by a radio star, which modernizes the story, I suppose, and the antics have been suitably broadened. In this instance, I would recommend the latter half and suggest that one could be a bit late without hardship.

IF "Wild Geese Calling" is deficient in humor, it is also, I fear, deficient in almost everything else. The call of the goose uproots an honest lumberjack in this blurred version of Stewart Edward White's old novel and sends him on a long tour up the Pacific Coast as far as Alaska. The call of love alone calms him down in the end, and he never gets to the Klondike. Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett do their best with the very slack material, and the geese are handsome.—JOHN MOSHER

•

The local Defense Council, which has started classifying the questionnaire cards returned by residents of the village, would do well to follow Irvington's cue.

In Irvington, Mayor William A. Murphy has spiced up the routine by making a game out of it. Whenever a worker reaches the bottom of one of her master cards, she yells "screeno." The mayor has a supply of huge six-inch lollypops on hand, as prizes.
—*Dobbs Ferry Register.*

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LITERARY SCANDAL AT THE SEWING PARTY

MRS. RAMSAY'S Red Cross sewing party did not often stray from the realities of life as they sat in her dining room stitching pajamas and assembling the component parts of an elaborate winceyette octopus known as a many-tail bandage. The conversation rarely touched on other topics than the gossip of the little Sussex village, which Mrs. Ramsay had once innocently looked upon as a sleepy hamlet where nothing ever happened. She was now considerably better educated. Sometimes she shivered slightly at the ease with which the ladies kept themselves informed of what was going on beneath every picturesque roof in the place, from the humblest cottage up to the Manor. Mrs. Peters, the wife of the head groom at the big house, seemed to be able to tell when a young wife was "expecting" even before the young woman had realized it herself, and she had an equally uncomfortable knack of recognizing what was sepulchrally termed "the look" on a doomed person's face. Occasionally Mrs. Ramsay felt that she was sitting in at a sewing bee of the Fates, all busy with shears and thread, snipping at a life here, twining two strands with a knowing cackle there.

Every now and then, however, the conversation reached a more intellectual level. It was on one of these afternoons that Mrs. Twistle dropped her bombshell. She did it gently, for everything about Mrs. Twistle, who had been in ducal service as a girl, was gentle except her opinions, which were frequently of a startling violence. "When the voice of the people is heard, then, Madam, if you'll excuse me saying so, there's gentlemen in the present government as will find theirselves facing a firing squad" was one of the utterances that Mrs. Ramsay always found a trifle macabre issuing from the lips of a dovelike individual with pink cheeks and an Alexandra fringe.

The afternoon had begun with a little mild chatter about how much better it was to live in one of the old cottages than in the nasty new boxes the Council was putting up when Mrs. Twistle gave the modest cough which generally preceded her entry into the conversation.

"Talking of old houses," she observed to the company in general, "reminds me of the old place I was in the first time I ever went out to service, before I was with Her Grace. Oh, it was quaint! Everything was just as it used to be, and the gentleman wouldn't have it modernized on no account. Stella Place was the name of it, over the other side of Foxley Green."

Mrs. Peters stopped buttonholing. "Stella Place!" she said with a snort. "Ow, what a name! Whatever will they think up next? Why not Elsie Place or Maud Place while they're about it?"

"Well, it was on account of its history, Mrs. Peters," said Mrs. Twistle, smiling indulgently. "Ever so many years ago a gentleman called Dean Swift murdered a young lady called Stella there."

Mrs. Ramsay started violently. So did Mrs. Lovelace, who clutched the pince-nez off her nose and stared with horror at Mrs. Twistle's placid countenance. "Murdered," she said faintly. "How dreadful! If I'd been you, Mrs. Twistle, I shouldn't have been able to sleep a wink in the nasty place."

"Us girls, being young and silly, used to fancy that we heard something when we came back late from our half-days out," Mrs. Twistle said. "Maybe it was the Dean come back, and maybe it wasn't. Anyway, there was the pore lady's blood under the rug on the parlor floor. The parlormaid let me have a peep one day. They'd tried and tried to get the stains out, she said, but nothing would move them."

"'Uman blood," Mrs. Garner said. "Nothing *will* move it. 'Ave you ever been to Stone'enge, Mrs. Twistle? Fred and me went there on a charabang trip one Easter Monday. There's 'uman bloodstains on some of those enormous great stones, so they say, left there by the Druids, and you can't budge them." To Mrs. Ramsay's slightly dazed fancy, Mrs. Garner appeared to be licking her lips.

"Ow, Druids!" Mrs. Peters exclaimed scornfully, as though she had always suspected them of being a slovenly lot of creatures who wouldn't think of mopping up afterward. "All I can say is give me twenty minutes at Stonehenge with a good, stiff brush and some Vim, and I'd get the place so you wouldn't object to eating your dinner off it."

"No doubt you would, Mrs. Peters," Mrs. Twistle murmured. "But the fact remains that I saw the marks with my own eyes, as distinct as they was, no doubt, on the day when the pore soul was struck down."

NEEDLES were suspended while the circle gave its heavily breathing attention to the tragedy. Mrs. Dogberry, who was deaf but had somehow had the facts communicated to her in a series of piercing whispers by her neighbors, suddenly shouted, "What made Dean bash her, Mrs. Twistle?"

With a meaning glance at Mrs. Lovelace's unmarried daughter, who was sitting with her mouth open, Mrs. Twistle replied, "Some say one thing and some another, Mrs. Dogberry."

There was a pause, broken by a wild giggle from Elsie Lovelace, whose risible faculties were frequently out of control. Her mother sighed. "What a shocking thing!" she said. "I've heard of Dean Swift, now you mention it. A writer, wasn't he?"

"Ow, writers!" cried Mrs. Peters, as though she lumped the profession with the Druids in one disreputable whole.

"I believe that he wrote the lady letters," Mrs. Twistle whispered. "Beautiful letters, hundreds and hundreds of them. I fancy they was printed in a book. It does seem sad that after all that the gentleman should have yielded to such a horrid impulse."

"Ow, well, perhaps the pore man got tired of waiting for an answer," Mrs. Peters said, and snickered. "I remember Daddy used to get wild with me"—the party understood that she was referring to Mr. Peters and not to her paternal ancestor—"when I was away in service before we were married and he didn't have his weekly letter. I suppose he used to wonder if I wasn't larking with some other boy. Pore Daddy."

Resisting the impulse to dwell on the vision of Mrs. Peters nubile and larking, Mrs. Ramsay felt that the moment had come to stir from the dreamy trance in which she had been listening and stitching on buttons. "I *think* you must be confusing Dean Swift with someone else, aren't you, Mrs. Twistle?" she said. "He certainly wrote letters to someone called Stella, and she certainly died fairly young, but I'm *afraid*"—she smiled apologetically round the table—"I'm afraid quite naturally."

The faces of the sewing party expressed a struggle between their desire to believe Mrs. Ramsay, who was held to be a model of elegant culture

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and book learning, and their faith in Mrs. Twistle, who had seen the nasty evidence under the parlor rug.

Mrs. Peters suddenly made up her mind. "Ow, of course you're mixing him up, Mrs. Twistle!" she cried. "Why, he was a dean, wasn't he? Who ever heard of a dean murdering anybody, I'd like to know."

The others looked thoughtful, as though they were searching their memories for bloody doings at the Deanery. Mrs. Ramsay noted apprehensively that Mrs. Twistle's shining cheeks were a couple of shades rosier as she said, with deceptive softness, "If you'll forgive me for saying so, Mrs. Peters, I consider as how that is a very unfair idea. Because a gentleman is in high places, there's some people as will never suspect him of doing anything he oughtn't to. If it were Mr. Peters or Mr. Twistle now, it would be a very different story, no doubt."

"Ow! Daddy murdering someone! That's a good one, I must say," Mrs. Peters said indignantly.

"Mr. Peters is, after all, only flesh and blood, capable of human passions like the rest," said Mrs. Twistle.

This was a new and fascinating idea to Mrs. Ramsay, who had hitherto been inclined to think of Mr. Peters as a pair of spindly gaiters and a checked cap. Judging from the expression on Mrs. Peters' face, it was also a new idea to her. She kept a brooding silence for some minutes while the rest of the party sewed furiously and thought of Mr. Peters and human passions.

Mrs. Ramsay was hoping that everything was going to blow over nicely when Mrs. Peters suddenly demanded, "If the Dean did murder the lady, Mrs. Twistle, I suppose he was took up for it?"

"He was not," said Mrs. Twistle.

"Ow, now, that settles it that you've got it wrong," Mrs. Peters said. "Everybody knows that British justice is going to get you if you do a murder, no matter if you're a dean or Archbishop of Canterbury. Wearing your collar back to front isn't going to make no difference to British justice, Mrs. Twistle. Ow, no, very definitely not!"

"Influence, no doubt, Mrs. Peters," whispered Mrs. Twistle, calmly enough, but with her Alexandra fringe quivering ominously. "Influence has been responsible for saving many a gentleman from the common hangman's grave, as you might say. If it had been Mr. Peters, the noose would have been round his neck before the pore lady was cold."

Mrs. Ramsay intervened hasti-

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ly. "Dean Swift is buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin," she said. "So I'm afraid that shows, doesn't it, that you've got things a little—"

"With a tablet, I daresay," said Mrs. Twistle bitterly. "I'm *naming* no names, but there's plenty of gentlemen lying snug in Westminster Abbey this minute who ought by rights—excuse me, Madam—to be buried at the crossroads with a stake through their black hearts."

There was a hysterical yelp from Elsie Lovelace and a shocked "My goodness, what a dreadful idea!" from Mrs. Lovelace, who was fixing a blue striped sleeve into a pink striped armhole in her agitation.

"Bolshie, *I* call it," said Mrs. Peters, jabbing a needle into her needlecase.

Mrs. Twistle gently patted her fringe. "As I understand from Mr. Churchill that the Russian gentlemen are now our glorious allies, Mrs. Peters, the term 'Bolshie' doesn't quite imply any longer what I take it you *was* trying to imply, Mrs. Peters," she said.

Mrs. Ramsay was wishing distractedly that the needlecase, with its bristling arsenal winking temptingly, was not still in Mrs. Peters' hand when Mrs. Dogberry sailed into the conversation. Having long since lost any idea of what everyone else was talking about, she introduced one of her abrupt conversational switches by shouting, "Have you heard that little Mrs. Clark up at Tiggs Farm is expecting again?"

IN the ensuing cozy chat, which seemed to Mrs. Ramsay to be a nice blend of robust Elizabethan dialogue and a few extracts from the fertility rites of the aboriginals, the previous topic was happily forgotten. And when the sewing party finally put on their hats and creaked out, Mrs. Ramsay was slightly bewildered to see Mrs. Twistle and Mrs. Peters going off up the lane together, apparently on amiable terms and engaged in animated discussion of the best way of keeping color in gooseberry preserves. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Thursday evening's tourney at Hotel Pontiac resulted in Mrs. William S. Hillick of Fulton and John F. Cullinan, Jr., taking first honors; Mrs. E. E. Taylor and Mrs. Conway's cocker spaniel second place, and Mrs. H. F. Hinman and Dr. William McD. Halsey, third.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Those cockers know how to play their cards.

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THE RACE TRACK

Return of a Native

TROUBLE with Saratoga is that it spoils one for most of the other tracks; I never realized how bare and businesslike the new concrete grandstand at Aqueduct was till now. And how do you like the idea of steeplechasing over Aqueduct's reconstructed—and currently slightly merry-go-round—course? I'm told that one of these bright afternoons there will be a formal dedication of a Bookmakers' Memorial Wing at the old fence where all the favorites used to fall.

Before looking over the races to come, I should like to mention a grievance that burns me a little from time to time. Why can't we have the old-style programs, full of all sorts of useful detail, or at least race cards printed on some kind of paper that wouldn't go limp in one's hand and practically disintegrate on rainy days? The cards don't even fold neatly. No doubt it's a great convenience and a saving of time and money to the managements of Aqueduct, Belmont Park, Jamaica, and Empire City to have their programs printed right on the grounds, but why does the product have to be so inferior? Hasn't this idea of economy gone almost too far?

NOW about the races. The Babylon Handicap for two-year-olds and the Edgemere for older horses will be run this weekend. Alsab, that $700 yearling who has won $68,000 in the Middle West this summer, is entered in both the Babylon and the Cowdin Stakes, which is on the following Saturday, and it would be interesting if he actually came East and ran for them. Alsab is not in the rich Futurity at Belmont Park, but even so the trip from Chicago would be worth making, as the Babylon has a purse of $5,000 and the Cowdin one of $10,000. Another race you should not miss is the Beldame Handicap a week from this Saturday, because Jack Campbell is good at coaxing out a collection of the better fillies and mares, especially for a $15,000 purse. Pete Bostwick's Nellie Bly, who won the Beldame two years ago, and William du Pont's Fairy Chant, the winner last season, are among those who will try again.

SO many of the old and famous stakes races have become nothing but three- or four-horse processions this season that the directors of tracks, and others with an eye to bigger and better pools in the pari-mutuel, have come to the something-must-be-done stage. Of course, it will take more than windy plans to put some life in the classics, but they certainly should be kept alive; the Saratoga Cup, for instance, should not be discontinued in favor of a special extra-special—something, say, for chestnut horses who never have even led into the stretch. The Saratoga management this year raised the value of the Cup to $10,000, but a still larger purse would be helpful.

If horses were shared on a Broadway basis, like shows and fighters (some are, at that), I wouldn't care to have a piece in many of the two-year-olds that were brought out at Saratoga last month; not in more than three, anyhow. One would be Ramillies, who is far and away the best of the forty-odd yearlings Walter Chrysler, Jr., bought last season. Another would be Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir's Hyacinthus, the most promising of the English importations, which is not saying much. If it matters at all, he is one of the three colts in America sired by Hyperion, the Derby Stakes winner owned by Lord Derby. Finally, being an incurable sentimentalist, I like Sonny Whitney's Coat of Arms quite as well as Ramillies and Hyacinthus because he is by my especial pet, Equipoise.

NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: Now that Whirlaway has beaten all the three-year-olds, he's beginning to have the same high-weight trouble in the handicaps that affected Challedon and War Admiral when they moved into the upper brackets. . . . I am sorry that I cannot explain the form of those horses in the seventh and eighth races at Saratoga. It would involve some rather elaborate diagrams, and I never was much of a draftsman.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SITUATIONS WANTED (MEN)

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BOOKS

Enter Murderers

NOW that a young man named Howard Haycraft has evolved a serious treatise on the "life and times" of the detective story, it may be said to have come into its full estate. For a century, ever since Poe invented the form singlehanded, its prestige has been steadily growing. Today one out of every four new works of fiction published in the English language is a detective story, and even the *New Republic* reviews it. The detective story has gradually invaded other fields and consummated reasonably successful unions with the novel of character, the humorous novel, even the novel of social propaganda. I know that there are Cassandras abroad in the land who are convinced the detective story is dying of inanition, but a careful reading of Mr. Haycraft's "Murder for Pleasure" hardly confirms so gloomy a view.

Mr. Haycraft treats his subject with the exactness and clarity of an old-fashioned literary historian. He outlines its genesis with Poe ("The Murders in the Rue Morgue" appeared in *Graham's Magazine* just a hundred years ago), traces its development in Gaboriau, Wilkie Collins, and Dickens (don't forget Inspector Bucket and "Edwin Drood"), portrays its renaissance under Arthur Conan Doyle, studies its romantic age in England and America (1890-1914), and concludes with a complete survey of the moderns. For good measure, Mr. Haycraft throws in a discussion of the rules of the game, offers some shrewd commercial advice on the murder market, makes a neat demonstration of the necessary connection between democracy and detection, and provides all sorts of bibliographies, quizzes, and other paraphernalia for the use of those who take their murders seriously. His emphasis, as he is frank to admit, is "on the actual and factual rather than the theoretical phases of the subject." The detective story still awaits its classic critic, who will perform for it the same service that, let us say, George Meredith rendered to comedy. In the absence of such an Aristotle, "Murder for Pleasure" will do quite nicely. It is diverting and patently authoritative, its only salient defect, to my mind, being a certain generosity of judgment. Mr. Haycraft cannot bring himself to the point of saying that *any* detective-story writer is really bad.

I have always felt that at least a part of the permanent fascination of the police novel lies in the circumstance that it supplies the reader with a happy ending he can swallow without shame. The hunger for the happy ending, for the neat tying up of all the little knots of life, is easily satisfied in childhood by the fairy tale and related narrative forms. The naïve adult is almost as perfectly satisfied with the sentimental romance. But what is the intelligent adult to do? His imagination still preserves its sweet tooth. Guiltily he craves the happy ending of his childhood reading, but the realistic fiction with which the publishers overwhelm him cannot fill the void. Hence the popularity of the detective story. In it all our childhood wish dreams are fulfilled. Good triumphs over Evil, Justice wins, the Villain meets with Retribution, the Lovers are United. But note that this occurs within the frame of a narrative which is not sticky or sentimental but, on the contrary, rigorous and almost mathematical. The sweet, highly desired improbability of the story's ending is rendered palatable by the stern intellectualism of the rest of its development. Thus the heart of the adult reader is warmed at the same time that his face is saved. I believe that this mechanism lies back of whatever truth there may be in Philip Guedalla's famous dictum that "the detective story is the normal recreation of noble minds."

Mr. Haycraft is sanguine about his darling's future. In the long run, his cheerfulness may justify itself. But in the meantime—and it may be rather a lengthy meantime—this much may be said. The detective story is normally the product of a settled community. Indeed, it depends for part of its effect on the implied contrast between the violent crime which is its core and the relative non-violence of the environment in which the crime is committed. It is this opposition that makes the detective story such cozy reading. Now, in a period like our own, when universal violence is the routine thing, the detective story loses its *point d'appui*. Already we see the strain beginning to show: detec-

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tive-story writers are forced to create anti-Nazi thrillers, Secret Service yarns, spy stories. The purity of the form is being temporarily lost. Hercule Poirot is unthinkable in a totalitarian Europe and Nero Wolfe will not cerebrate properly if America is plunged into war. The detective story, being one of the art forms of a peaceful community, is of course banned today in Germany and Italy.

LELAND STOWE's "No Other Road to Freedom" is also about murder—the murder of Europe. For the last two years, Mr. Stowe, one of the finest of our many fine foreign correspondents, has watched Europe being murdered piecemeal: in Finland by the Russians, in Norway and Rumania by the Nazis, and in Greece by the Nazis and Italian Fascists. His book is all first-hand stuff. Though repetitious and vitiated by a certain rather questionable Rover Boy note, it remains a moving piece of reporting. The part about Norway will make you shiver, the chapters on Greece will make you proud that the human race can still produce such singlehearted courage and nobility.

Interesting as are Mr. Stowe's adventures, it is his book's moral that gives it its real weight. The last five chapters form the angriest and also the most cogent answer to the American appeasers that I have so far seen in book form. The power of these words derives from the fact that Mr. Stowe has actually seen how freedom is lost and knows how it may be lost here. He himself, when he went abroad at the outbreak of the war, was a firm isolationist. Two years of Europe changed his mind for him.

WILFRID FLEISHER's "Volcanic Isle," though carelessly composed and written in jog-trot prose, contains some information about the Japan of yesterday and today that I do not recollect having seen in other recent reports from the Orient. For many years, Mr. Fleisher acted as managing editor of the *Japan Advertiser*, an English-language newspaper which, until the Japanese forced Mr. Fleisher and his father to give it up, exerted an influence markedly disproportionate to its small circulation. He has a good deal to tell about the new totalitarian Japan, pointing out those elements in it which are borrowed from the Nazis and those which are conscious throwbacks to Nippon's feudal period. There's also some interesting stuff on Hirohito, Matsuoka, Konoye, and other key men of the New Order in East Asia.

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The book has no particular central thesis, but Mr. Fleisher lays stress on his conviction that America today stands in the same relation to Japan as France did to Nazi Germany in 1935. In other words, the time for non-appeasement is now or, it is quite possible, never.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

IN times of tension the fog lifts. Unexpected outlines appear. We see things as they are, as we suspected but could not hope to prove them to be. The thoroughly suburban culture breaks up to some degree; some signs of enlightened civilization show through. At this very instant, in American poetry, we have the tough mysticism, the satire, and the dry sharpness of insight which have attested an American civilization. These qualities do not take up much room, but they are unmistakably there.

American mysticism seems to be ineradicable. The climate of the North American continent has produced mysticism as certainly, and in a way as purely, as the climate of the East. (It is indicative that Sanskrit has been a language cultivated by American poets, from Emerson through Eliot.) In spite of the ordinary man's misconceptions about its true nature (something to do with turbans and beards), in spite of the brickbats thrown at it by all who believe solely in getting on with the material job, American mysticism does not die out. This season there has appeared a book of poems filled with it in a high form. Ridgeley Torrence, the author of "Poems," the book in question, is evidently not fully aware of his rôle. He writes dramatic poems; he has moments of being rather artificially literary. But when he is recognized as a mystic, of the complete American type, his writing at once falls into order.

"Music," said William James, "is the element through which we are best spoken to by mystical truth. Many mystical scriptures are indeed little more than musical compositions." Torrence's music is varied; he is a conscious craftsman working at his art, not a religious seer whose utterances are often monotonous and paradoxical. Through this music he communicates a vision of ultimate reconciliation of opposites, of light out of darkness, life out of death. The lion and the lamb somehow lie down together; the problem of cruelty has been resolved far beneath the surface and unconsciously, as often it seems to be resolved in nature itself. To see Torrence's relation, in direct line, to Emerson and Thoreau, I recommend that the reader turn, after the first poem, "Light," to "Adam's Dying," "The Apples," "Legend," "Three O'Clock," and finally to "The Son," one of the most beautiful lyrics ever written. It is difficult to believe that a sensitive reader can experience these poems without tears, and isn't it about time that one had the courage to state that certain poems contain virtue because they make one weep?

TWO of the latest volumes in New Directions' "Poet of the Month" series show native vigor of expression, as opposed to the sentimental mock vigor of so much "regional" writing. "Selected Poems," a posthumous collection by John Wheelwright, and "Poems on Several Occasions," by Josephine Miles, are traditionally American in the sense that they could not have been written by natives of any other country on earth. Wheelwright was again a mystic, but of a mixed kind, "given," as R. P. Blackmur says in his preface, "to extremes." His intuitions were continually at war with his rationalism, his intelligence and sophistication with his religious side. He was a late but unmistakable product of Eastern Seaboard culture, proving it to be far less moribund than is generally supposed. Miss Miles is a gifted poet of a younger generation. She lives in California and is a satirist. But her humor is continually sweetening her wit, and there doesn't seem to be a malicious ingredient in her makeup. The intelligent edge to her lines reminds us of the dissenting "dryness" of the country store or the town meeting. Many poets have tried to get poetry out of the nine-o'clock neighborhood show, the juke box, the radio request program, and the parking space. Miss Miles does it because she goes about the problem unpretentiously. The present book should send readers back to "Lines at Intersection" (1939), her first and equally brilliant volume.

"RAINER MARIA RILKE," by E. M. Butler, is the first really comprehensive study of the poet in English. It is filled with information of all kinds; the Rilke student need no longer read several languages in order to get details of his life. Dr. Butler, Fellow and Associate of Newnham College, Professor of German Language and Literature in the University of Manchester, has, however, slanted her material in the most patent fashion. It is time that Rilke was made out more of a poet and less of a prophet, but it is certainly gratuitous to make him appear a nincompoop and rather a knave. The book should be read

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with the constant realization that this subtle denigration does not hesitate occasionally to distort his poetry as well as make ridiculous and rather sinister his career. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

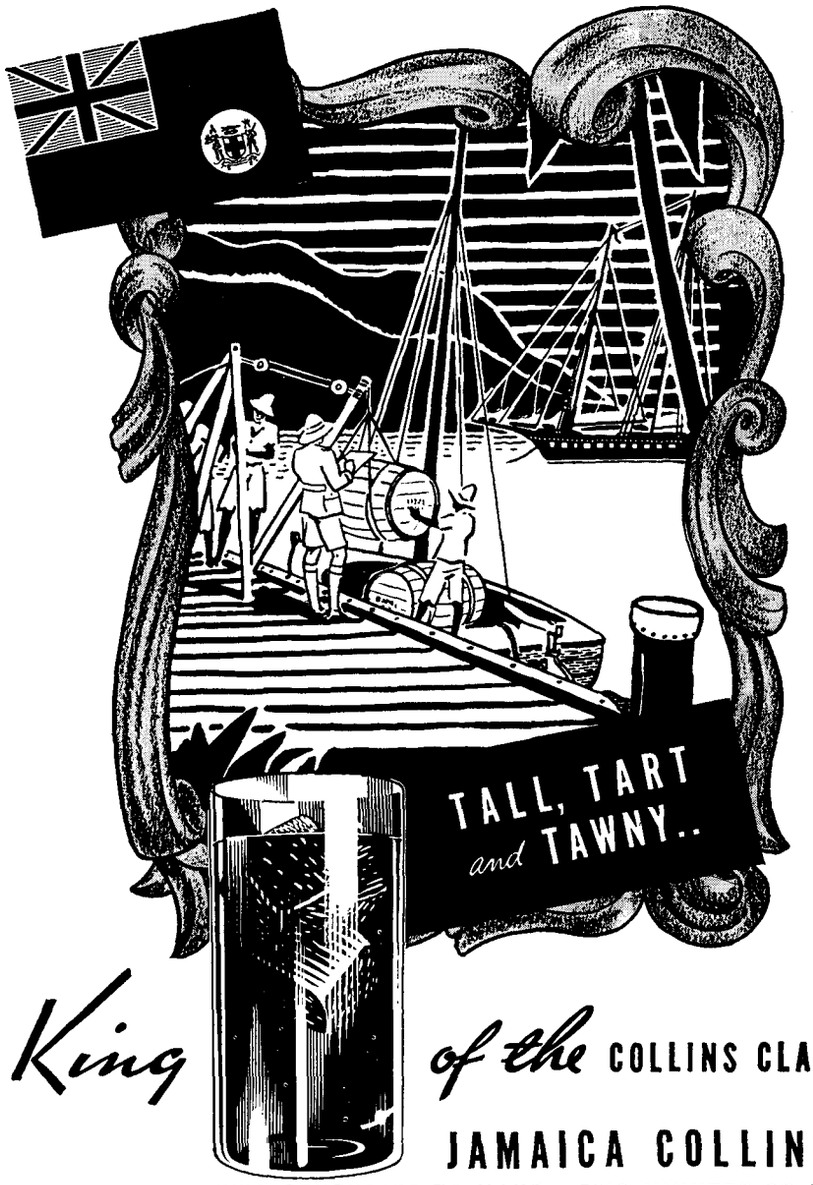
DAY OF THE TRUMPET, by David Cornel DeJong. It was inevitable that someone, preferably a Dutchman, would write a novel about the invasion of Holland. Mr. DeJong has done as well as could be expected; that is, he has tailored a novel to fit a series of episodes based on fact. Each of the members of his pleasant Dutch family exemplifies some point of view pertinent to a Hollander in 1940. They have Jewish neighbors, one of the daughters loves a German boy, one of the sons is a farmer on a lowland farm, and so on. The invasion, when it comes, is rather less affecting than the fear of invasion which precedes it.

SCHOOL FOR ETERNITY, by Harry Hervey. Eight people are accidentally assembled in a castle in the West Indies for the weekend; an earthquake ends the party. Before it happens, Mr. Hervey has time to sketch in the background of the members—a mysterious count, an unfrocked priest, a disappointed actress, a schoolteacher, a young sailor, an old woman, and a pair of lovers. Not as skillful as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," though clever and colorful.

ISLAND IN THE CORN, by John Selby. Friendly story of an agreeable middle-class American family in the late nineteenth century. The period color is unobtrusive; the everyday relationships of in-laws, husbands and wives, parents and children are affectionately and credibly described.

FIRE IN THE SKY, by Tarleton Collier. A woman, born in the Georgia backwoods and left a young widow with a baby, learns the hotel business and becomes a successful manager by the time her daughter, now grown up, marries and leaves home. Both the style and the heroine recall Elizabeth Madox Roberts' novels.

COUNTY SEAT, by Paul Corey. Third in a series about the Mantz family in Iowa. The first two books were "Three Miles Square" and "The Road Returns." The trio make up what must be in some ways a true picture of life on an American farm and in a small town during the last forty-five years. But it is a dreary



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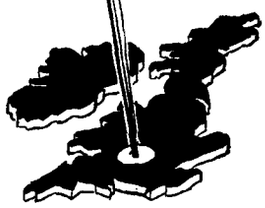

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story as Mr. Corey tells it, without humor, salt, or passion. The people are mean and grasping or inarticulate and noble. Pretty grim, in short.

BLOOD ON THE FORGE, by William Attaway. A novel about three Negro brothers in the steel mills. Mr. Attaway writes of his people knowingly and with warm appreciation. They are humorous, bewildered, stout-hearted, likable, and in no sense quaint. Their speech sounds completely authentic. A fine, sincere book.

MY FRIEND FLICKA, by Mary O'Hara. Story of a boy on a Wyoming ranch who passionately wants a colt of his own. With the colt comes anxiety, fear, and danger, but ten-year-old Ken doesn't complain. A pleasant tale, skillfully and charmingly done.

LEAF GOLD, by W. W. Chamberlain. The story of a young farmer down in the tobacco country, his marriage to a town girl, and their struggles to grow a crop, to acquire their own piece of land, and to raise a family. Sincere, warm-hearted, but rather awkwardly done.

ACTION STATIONS!, by Bartimeus, with a preface by William McFee. Bartimeus is the pen name of Captain Lewis Ricci of His Majesty's Navy. These sketches and short stories indicate that life on a naval vessel is largely compounded of cold, fog, sleet, wind, hard work, scanty meals, and danger. For some reason, Navy men seem to find it irresistible. At any rate, this navy that Captain Ricci celebrates so quietly will give you a feeling of comfort plus admiration.

SUMMER HOLIDAY, by Alice Duer Miller. A 780-page collection of Mrs. Miller's novels and short stories—"The Reluctant Duchess" and "Manslaughter;" "Gowns by Roberta," from which the operetta "Roberta" was made; "Instruments of Darkness," a long short story presenting a modernized version of Macbeth (not as good as Mr. Shakespeare's); and so on. Lively and readable.

THE WILSONS, by Christopher La Farge. Comedy of high life in the Narragansett Bay area and of the various maneuvers and strategies a newcomer must employ to attain the inner circle of the select. A novel in episodes, a number of which first came to light in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE RED DECADE, by Eugene Lyons. The author of "Assignment in Utopia" ticks off the American "musical-comedy class war" of the nine-

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teen-thirties. He gives us enough of the Communist Party's record in this country—before, during, and after the period—to explain how it ran this show and called the tunes, always at the behest of the home office in Moscow. Oversimplified in spots, but hardheaded and vigorously ironic. Lots of names and dates.

JULES VERNE, by Kenneth Allott. First Verne biography in English, and a good one too, showing how Verne's semi-scientific novels expressed the various phases of nineteenth-century romantic positivism. Sharp-witted and richly annotated, but the ideas occasionally seem strained. Victorian illustrations.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DRAGON, by Carl Glick. Merry, informal introduction to our charming fellow-countrymen the Chinese-Americans: their cooking, games, marriage customs, family organization, business methods, and so on. You'll like this. Portions of the book have appeared in various magazines. Pleasantly illustrated by Donald McKay.

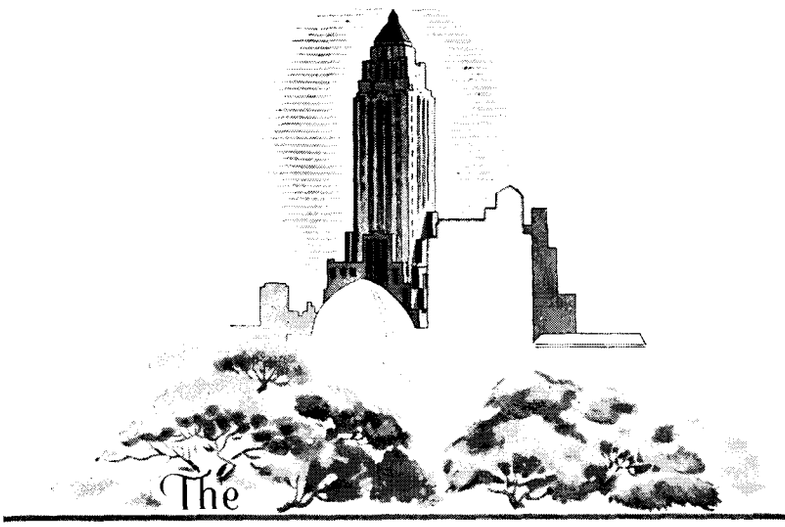
CARL SANDBURG, by Karl Detzer. A short appreciation, in which the author shows us how Sandburg's work trues up with his forthright Middle-Western personality and his experience. A careful and readable job, though perhaps not very penetrating. Four photographs by Edward Steichen.

ANYBODY'S GOLD, by Joseph Henry Jackson. The story of California's mining towns as they roared and boomed during gold-rush days and as they whisper and sigh today. A first-rate job of scholarship and atmosphere, with 32 delicate full-page aquatones by E. H. Suydam.

FLYING FLEETS, by S. Paul Johnston. Thirty-year history of naval aviation in the United States, by the Coördinator of Research for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. The author sketches in just about everything, from training to patrol bombers. Charts and 219 generally excellent photographs.

THE SOUTH IN ARCHITECTURE, by Lewis Mumford. Four lectures delivered this year at Alabama College. A lucid and distinguished consideration of the social responsibilities of architecture and the relation between "the regional and the universal" in the work of three notable Southern architects: Jefferson, H. H. Richardson, and J. W. Root.

STRICTLY PERSONAL, by Somerset Maugham. Mr. Maugham's brief,



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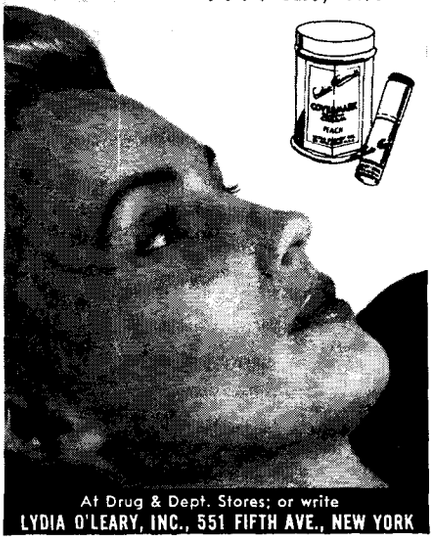

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rather dry story of his personal experiences at the outbreak of the war (he was in France) and during its first eight months or so. There is some interesting information about the sad state of French morale, observed by Mr. Maugham at first hand, but the rest of the narrative is unimportant, a condition not redeemed by the fact that the author admits it. A part of the book has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE TURQUOISE SHOP, by Frances Crane. Jean Holley's Turquoise Shop is a meeting house for all the gossips in Santa Maria, New Mexico. It is not surprising that a murder with sinister complications is finally solved there. A sound plot, deftly drawn characters, and some precise, clear writing are three reasons for reading Miss Crane's first mystery.

TWELVE CHINKS AND A WOMAN, by James Hadley Chase. Fast and furious story about the operations of a gang whose pastime is smuggling Chinese into Key West. This book sold 150,000 copies in England, which may explain why the Britons think of us all as a race of Al Capones. Enough action for ten mysteries.

A TASTE FOR HONEY, by H. F. Heard. Sydney Silchester is disturbed when a woman is stung to death by the bees which have been slaving away on the honey he has been eating. Silchester becomes alarmed when the bees follow him home and take a nip at his leg. A gentleman named Mycroft clears up the mystery, but not satisfactorily. The plot, which involves an English village, is terrifying in spots.

MARKED FOR MURDER, by Wallace Reed. Windy Winters, idea man of Hollywood, tries to regain his lost fortune by stooping to blackmail. Unfortunately, a lot of people don't like him, and Windy gets killed. All about the other half: men who sell men's-smoker movies, doctors who specialize in monkey glands, and other heels. Not literature, not even refined; merely full of good old-fashioned skulduggery.

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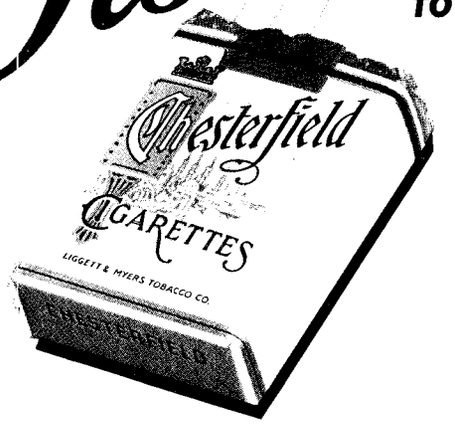

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